THE MISSIONARY HERALD

AT HOME AND ABROAD

APRIL 1935

Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

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Foreword

A year ago this month did THE MISSIONARY HERALD AT HOME AND ABROAD come into being, and, as in April, 1934, this issue is a pretty representative one, with the American Board, the American Missionary Association, Church Extension Boards, the Education Society, the Board of Ministerial Relief, and the Commission on Missions appearing in it, and articles from or about East Africa, China, Florida, Japan, Micronesia, Nebraska, Puerto Rico, West Africa, while the paragraphs in the various departments touch upon all phases of the united work.

Among our contributors are numbered a school principal—Martha Lindsay of the Blanche Kellogg Institute; a secretary of the American Board—D. Brewer Eddy, back from his trip around the world; a missionary in Tunghsien, China—Harold Robinson; a missionary in Galangue, West Africa—Henry McDowell; a minister's wife and former Church Extension worker—Mrs. Don I. Patch; four ministers—Rev. Fred Smith of Newton, Kansas; Rev. Ferdinand Blanchard of Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. Henry Kilbourn, a retired minister in Florida; and Rev. Matthew Vance of Maynard, Massachusetts. We've picked them from New England, the extreme South, and the West.

Mrs. Howard lives in Burlington, Vt. Her husband is a son of Gen. O. O. Howard.

We hope that her leading article on "The Great God Love," will strike the keynote for the entire issue and prove a contribution to an inspiring celebration of Eastertide.

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My Japan

By the Editor

EACH of us visualizes his own Japan.

To all too many Dai Nippon is a land of castles, battleships, and aggressive armies; to others, a country of cherry blossoms, courteous men, attractive women, and cunning children.

To some it is a nation of alert, clever business men underselling the rest of the world; to some a nation of deluded, exploited subjects struggling desperately for existence, approaching nearer every day the point of starvation—or revolt.

But *My* Japan is a land of refined, educated men and women, well acquainted with the best in America and the West, contributors to the cultural advancement of the human race, and devoted to the cause of international understanding and peace; a land too in which both the ethic and religion of Jesus are known and honored increasingly; a land wherein the Church of Christ has been established and exerts an influence far beyond its numerical strength; a land wherein Christianity has been "naturalized."

In particular, Japan to *me* is: The spiritual descendants of Neesima and his famous Kumamoto boys, and of many others who came under the spell of Neesima in Doshisha; it is those to whom the torch has been passed by such Christian "Elder Statesmen" as Ebina, Harada, Kanamori, Osada, Kozaki, Miyagawa, Yokoi; it is such Kumiai leaders of the present day as Ebisawa, Hatanaka, Kozaki, Nishio and others of lesser prominence but of no less devotion and zeal whom I am privileged to know personally.

And because *My* Japan is a land of such men as these it is bound to be a broad-minded though justice-loving Japan; an unselfish though loyal Japan; a peace-loving, patient Japan; a friendly coöperative Japan.

And I can say this though realizing that the nation today is under a merciless military despotism, and that real freedom in thought and word is *verboten,* and that *My* Japan has at present little or no voice in national affairs.

Nevertheless, notwithstanding, *My* Japan remains to me my one anchor of hope in this perilous period of world relations; my main assurance that the Risen Christ is there at work in the heart of real Japan; and my reason for belief that we should be there too in full strength.

The Great God Love

By Sue E. Howard

IN years gone by, a missionary passing through a native village saw a man dash out of his hut, place a small image on the ground and bowing before it, pray fervently and with deep feeling. When he rose, the missionary spoke to him.

"My friend," he said, "I know you did not pray to that little image just now, but to some great God. Tell me which God you worship."

The native replied, "He is indeed a great God, and I prayed that he would not send evil on me or my family, for we are his worshippers; and I asked him to keep us from the evil which other gods might send upon us."

This missionary looked at the man for a moment and then he spoke. "I too worship a great God, but I do not ask Him to send no evil, for all are His children and He gives them only good. Nor do I ask Him to protect me from other gods, for there are no other gods, since He alone is God."

"Where do you pray to Him?"

"I pray to Him anywhere, for He is everywhere."

"And how do you pray to him?"

"I tell him my needs and then go quietly about my work and He gives me all I require."

"And what do you call your God?"

"His name is Love," said the missionary, and then he went on his way to the next village.

The native thought of what the missionary had told him and decided that if what had been said was true, he should give up the old god and become a follower of this new God.

Now in that village there were few who ever had enough to eat, and when the native came in from the field he was very hungry, so he prayed, "Love, I am Thy child, for all are Thy children. I am hungry. Give me food." And his wife had been able to get food in abundance and it was waiting for him. Then he thanked this new God and was full of joy.

The next day, as he ate, he looked across the road and saw his neighbor without food, and he prayed, "Love, he is Thy child, for all are Thy children. He is hungry. Feed him." And he took his bowl and shared it with his neighbor and told him of this new God and together they ate and were thankful.

As the days went by his neighbor's wife fell sick of a fever and he prayed, "Love, she is Thy child, for all are Thy children. She is sick. Make her well." And he sent his wife to care for her and for her family, and when his work was done he helped his neighbor and when night fell and the cooling breezes blew, the fever left her and she recovered. So, many in the village heard of the new God and worshipped Him.

At last one came to the native saying, "I am very wicked for I have bad thoughts and do evil."

But the native prayed saying, "Love, he is Thy child for all are Thy children. He says he is wicked. Make him good." And the man returned to his home and treated his wife and children kindly.

Now there came a day when the people were called out and told to arm themselves, for many men were coming from a distant village to destroy their homes and carry off their women and children, and they must defend themselves.

But the native prayed, "Love, they are Thy children, for all are Thy children. They think they hate us. Make them love us, and we are Thy children for all are Thy children. We think we hate them. Make us love them." And when the strangers appeared, dusty and weary from their journey, they saw a group coming to meet them. There was water to wash their feet and food and cooling drinks, and they were taken to the village and made welcome so that it was as friends they parted.

When years had passed, one day, as the missionary sat in his home, he was told that a man from a far-off village wished to speak to him, and when the latter was brought in, lo, it was the native he had seen so long ago; and the native told the missionary all that had taken place and begged that teachers should be sent to tell his people more about the great God Love.

And the missionary bowed his head and wept, saying, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."

Puerto Rico and Easter

By Martha Lindsay

AS soon as the Christmas season with its emphasis upon the Three Kings recedes into the background, the thoughts of the Puerto Ricans begin to run forward to Carnival, the fun-making festival which occupies the two weeks preceding Lent throughout Latin America. Apparently the idea is to prepare for the forty days of alleged fasting with an outburst of unbridled hilarity. As Carnival approaches every village is abuzz with discussion as to whom shall be chosen as Queen of the festival.

Naturally the most elaborate preparations are made in San Juan, which is both the capital and the chief city of the island. There Carnival begins with the appearance of heralds at the entrance to the city announcing that the Queen is about to enter and take possession of her domain. The festivities end on the Tuesday preceding Ash Wednesday with a procession from the Government House to the Municipal Theatre of the Queen of San Juan and the queens of all the organizations and schools of the city, together with their courts. On the same evening is held the Dance of the Nations when groups dressed in various national costumes do homage to the Queen.

During Lent many superstitious taboos surround the unwary: If one dances, the feet become thick; if parents punish their children the marks of their hands will remain on the bodies of their offspring; if holes are dug in the ground on Good Friday, blood will flow from the earth. No hammering must be done on Good Friday, for each stroke will drive a nail into the body of Jesus.

On Good Friday the figure of Christ is placed in a tomb in all Catholic churches. Children who are having a hard time with their studies believe that they can improve their grades by securing a flower from one of these tombs and placing it in the text-book which they use in the dreaded subject.

On Palm Sunday palms which have been blessed are carried home from the churches and fastened to the balcony, if the house has one, or nailed to the entrance, so as to keep away evil. Parts of these palms are saved and worn as bracelets or necklaces for protection during the hurricane season. On New Year's eve all the remaining palms are burned with incense in the belief that the smoke will drive out the evil spirits of the old year.

On the evening of Holy Thursday a priest carrying the Holy Sacrament leads a procession about each church, after which the sacrament is placed upon a special altar adorned with flowers before which the congregation does reverence.

Because there was no water for Jesus on the cross, on Good Friday no holy water is available in the churches, the basins being filled with flowers. On this day all the statues except that of Weeping Mary are heavily veiled.

Each town has its own celebration on the afternoon of Good Friday. After the figure of Jesus is taken from the cross and placed in a glass coffin all the societies of the church, including everyone from the tiniest children to the oldest men and women, join in the burial procession. The women and children are dressed in either white or black with their heads covered with lace mantillas, some of which are raised high by

A Puerto Rican Scene
on the Caribbean shore; Principal Martha Lindsay of Blanche Kellogg Institute in foreground.

Spanish combs. The only bits of color are the blue ribbons and silver medals of the various organizations. First come the little tots conducted by nuns, then the grown women followed by little girls dressed as angels, while the small boys carry the instruments of torture on trays—a crown of thorns, a sponge, a spear. Next comes the coffin carried on the shoulders of the church officials, the men, and last of all the statue of the Weeping Mary surrounded by women in black.

In the country towns Judas is hanged in effigy on the evening of Good Friday and then dragged through the streets, pelted with sticks and stones, and finally burned.

The people come to church on Saturday with bottles to secure holy water which is kept in their homes for use in time of illness, when some is placed on the forehead of the sick person and more is sprinkled around the room.

The church bells are silent from Thursday until Sunday. In place of the little bells commonly used to mark the moment when the consecrated wafer becomes the body and blood of Jesus, gourds containing pebbles or seeds are rattled.

By noon on Easter Sunday all gloom is dispelled, the Holy Sacrament is returned to the main altar, and the end of the long period of mourning is being duly celebrated with feasting and dancing.

In Blanche Kellogg Institute we try to duplicate in a small way some of the life of the people in the home towns of our girls. We have our own little carnival and the girls choose their queen who, like the city queen, must have a special ceremony for her crowning. We have our King Bobo, too, whose duty it is to see that the ceremony is a jolly affair. Last year the girls conceived the idea of having a dolls' carnival. What a great time they did have making pretty dresses for the contesting dolls. Then on the great day, the chosen doll was placed on a throne built of boxes and she, with her court, received the homage of all the other dolls of the school. Though we are a high school group, our students love their dolls as no other group of their age that I have ever known.

During Lent we have no special programs, but we do have a very lovely service for Palm Sunday.

All the students go home on Thursday preceding Good Friday, for they should be in their own town and in their own church for the special services of those important days of Holy Week.

A Sequel

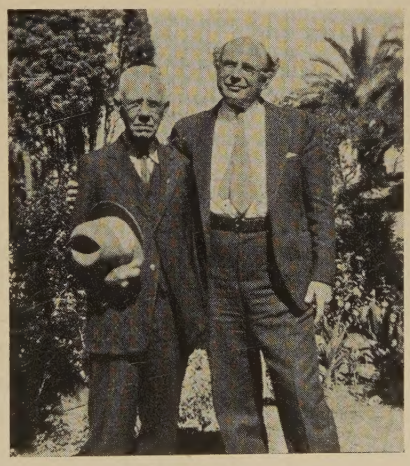
By Fred Smith

SHALL it be praise or censure that I send you for the occurrence of what I now describe?

The place is the First Congregational Church, Newton, Kan. The time is the Children's Sermon period in the service. The minister begins to read from page 34 of the MISSIONARY HERALD the portion captioned "A Veteran Broadcasts."

Out of the tail of his eye he observes a retired minister listening with increasing interest and a broadening smile; getting more excited as the reading progresses, he is seen to dig his elbow into his neighbor's ribs and to say, "That's me."

The reading ends and the minister says, "Now, young people, would you like to meet the man of whom I have been reading?" and announces that the usher will escort that brother to the front. The usher looks around, a little bewildered, then catches on, and escorts "The veteran" to the



Yes, Here's the Man

(left), Rev. W. L. Martin, and his friend, the popular radio preacher, Rev. Josiah Hopkins.

front. The minister remarks that veterans are usually given their due praise. Here is a veteran of whom we all were proud.

With that, the minister is about to retire the veteran back to his pew, but the congregation breaks into spontaneous applause. It is music akin to the sound of many waters spoken of in the Scriptures.

You were the primary cause. Therefore, if in Boston and points East it is counted sacrilegious for people to "disturb" a service by applause I fear you must share the blame for it. But if it be counted joy for the church members to applaud a "veteran of the cross" then I send you your portion of it with my best wishes for the continued success of the MISSIONARY HERALD.

Reconciling Japan

By D. Brewer Eddy

IN Tokyo one day at lunch with the leaders of the Christian Council of Japan and with some members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, we earnestly discussed the problems confronting Christian groups in America and in Japan.

The following seven points emerge as centers of misunderstanding at the present hour:

1. Japan's demand for national equality in answer to what she considers insults upon her in the Versailles Treaty and the American Exclusion Act of 1924.

2. The present demand in the form of an ultimatum for naval parity with England and the United States as a first basis for future discussion of reduction of navies.

3. The claim for a Japanese "Monroe Doctrine" of the Orient which would recognize her responsibility to keep the peace in the East and to direct the future economic development of the Orient.

4. The "hands off edict" of some months past in which Japan stated that no power should make loans to China or assist in military or political development.

5. The recognition of Manchukuo seems a just and fair demand to Japan, but it would mean for America a complete reversal of the Hoover doctrine of non-recognition of seized territories.

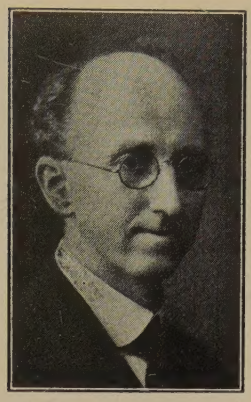
6. Japan's insistence that the pledge in the Washington Pact not to fortify American possessions in the western Pacific, such as the Aleutian Islands, Guam and Manila Bay, must continue to stand.

7. Japan offers sharp reduction in naval strength if parity is admitted. She thus throws the burden on the United States. Answer is made that the fate of China and the policy of the "open door" for American trade in the Orient cannot be yielded in view of recent precedents established by militaristic policies here in the East, such as the seizure of Manchuria, the unjustified attack upon Shanghai, the new oil monopoly and insurance monopoly edicts in Manchukuo and the seizure of Jehol and Charhar.

Here is enough dynamite to blow up world peace. Present diplomatic tendencies lead toward a head-on collision. It is absolutely unthinkable that we should continue to drift toward war. What is needed is, first, the frank discussion of these questions in the attempt to agree upon the facts, and then to find the wise compromise for world peace.

I have been told a dozen times that if it could be possible for America to eliminate that hateful phrase, "ineligible for citizenship," and to receive the 155 Japanese annually as their immigration quota, it would be accepted as a recognition of national equality and would lead to new suggestions toward a peaceful settlement of every difficulty. President Roosevelt has the power to accomplish this despite the intrenched position of Trade Unions in California. Any frank admission of national equality between our races would help today. Every friendly gesture will build up new confidence. It is said that ninety per cent of Japanese leaders today repudiate the attack on Shanghai, but cannot say it; that Japan has no intention of entering a naval building race toward parity; that they are demanding the recognition of a principle only; that they are ready to state their building plans in open conference with Britain and America if real equality of race can first be admitted. Here is ample room for diplomats to discover the right formulae and to build up constructive friendship and understanding in the coming months.

Lawrence of Africa



By Dorothy P. Cushing

LIONS, leopards, locusts, and an African Dillinger, add a macabre touch to the life of a veteran American physician, Dr. William T. Lawrence, who has spent thirty-four years of his life in the East Africa Mission of the American Board, and is now on furlough.

Modest to the point of shyness, the doctor speaks with a smile of traveling narrow trails where wild beasts lurk in the tall grass; of cobras who pay social calls in his home; of red locusts with a four-inch wing spread on bodies nearly as long, bringing desolation to the land and starvation to the people; and of an outlaw, one victim of whose spear he treated in his hospital.

This African Dillinger stands out because such criminals are rare among the mostly law-abiding, kindly Ndaus. He's a bad actor. For two years the police, white and black, have sought this man, wrongly named Chibaso, or "Little Fire," and they haven't got him yet. He not only stole all he wanted in material goods, but he specialized in stealing women—sometimes a different one every other day. He was caught once, but broke jail, got into a police camp, stole a service rifle and rounds of ammunition, and departed.

One day he was reported hiding with his usual woman captive in a cave by the Sabi River. A village headman and his men went to get him.

Locusts Settling Down in East Africa

Before the battle had raged long the outlaw had put an arrow neatly through the thigh of the headman, who ended up in Dr. Lawrence's hospital. And the bandit left for parts unknown.

And the red locusts? "The locusts have always been a plague since the white occupation," says Dr. Lawrence; "but they have been, up to the last three years, brown locusts, which lived in the arid uninhabited plains and hatched in the rainy season.

Now, they are the red locusts, a much more destructive species, and they never seem to go away. They devour almost everything from the moment they hatch and can crawl about, and fly in great swarms miles in extent, sometimes taking half a day to pass a given spot. They settle down like red snow and break the boughs of the trees.

"Smoke, poison, nothing seems to stop them. The Government sent out pumps with a spray of arsenic, but care must be used or the cattle, too, will eat the grass sprayed.

In an effort to stem these legions of death the South African Government has mobilized airplanes which, at the first word that the enemy is approaching, will patrol the northern border, spraying poison from the clouds. This plan is not sure of success as yet.

The better roads of today have meant the difference between life and death to hundreds. Grain used to be carried over impossible trails by oxen and mules. Now it is brought to the mission in autos, ground, and sold at cost to the natives, many of them too weak from starvation to prepare it themselves.

"When I first went to Africa I traveled the jungle on foot, then on horseback, bicycle, motor cycle, and now by auto part of the way. Once I was taken for an elephant—not," he hastened

One of the Trees Dr. Lawrence Dodged

to add, "because I looked like one, but because I sounded like one to the natives."

Americans who fume at missing one whirl of a revolving door would benefit by Dr. Lawrence's calm narrative of driving thirty miles after a patient by "dodging the trees." The roads permit a car to cover ten to twenty miles an hour! They turn to rivers when the rains come; great trees fall in the thick grass that grows unchecked; marshes and bogs run across the trail and lions stroll casually by the way.

"This kind of travel is good for your liver," said Dr. Lawrence philosophically, and added that many times after a long auto ride he has had to go on foot for eight or ten miles and bring the sufferer to the road in a hammock. This would take three or four hours each way.

Yet, what it means for these people to have a Dr. Lawrence within call! We who live where a ring on the phone, a quick run by car over decent roads brings a doctor; where an ambulance rushes a patient to a well-equipped hospital and skilled care, find it beyond the power of our imagination to picture thousands upon thousands of human beings *helpless* when illness or accident befalls.

Take, for example, a mother with her baby on her back, trying to carry home a bag of grain which meant the difference between life and death for her and her family; see her slipping and sliding down a wet bank in a pouring rain; falling, breaking her thigh. What was there for her to do but lie in agony?

No one knows how long she would have lain there thus had not Dr. Lawrence been within reach. He got to her after many hours of travel, and carried her over rough roads in his automobile as many more agonizing hours to his hospital.

People come fifty or a hundred miles, walking or by hammock, always in fear of wild animals. Many have been torn by lions and leopards which are particularly dangerous this year, often roaring around the spring that supplies a village with water, so that no one dare approach. Two brothers were brought thirty miles after a disastrous encounter with the king of the jungle, and no hypodermic could be given to relieve their pain, because, as Dr. Lawrence explained, you cannot handle two unconscious

Traveling the Hammock Way

Leopards Make Soft Footrests

wounded men while dodging trees in driving through the wilderness.

Dr. Lawrence brought out of the ovenlike Sabi Valley a young English trooper, member of the British police, who had been badly mauled by a lion. To get to him he, with John Marsh, had trekked twenty miles after traveling a day and a night. This exploit got the unassuming doctor on the front pages of London and African newspapers.

"Lions and leopards usually do not attack humans unless cornered or hunted; once they have tasted human blood they are for all time 'man-eaters.' Often old lions, who cannot follow the herds of antelope get desperate and kill men. Cheetahs make them a specialty. Wild elephants do a lot of damage and frighten the people.

"Oh, yes, we have lions and leopards and venomous snakes near us. Our worst reptile enemy is the cobra. We had a cobra appear one day and when I struck at him he disappeared in my cellar! We couldn't find him, however, and for days everyone was terrified to go down for food. Then a bad odor pervaded the house and we found that the blow I dealt had injured the snake and he had curled up and died in an old tub. Then we have the puff adder and the *amambla* which attacks without warning, and if its poison gets into the bloodstream it means death."

The people among whom Dr. Lawrence works are Ndaus, and their appreciation of his efforts takes many forms, including, when money is scarce, working for weeks or even months to repay hospital care. Those who cannot pay anything are treated freely. A strange assortment of diseases and patients meet the doctor in his hospital. Huts built of wattle, with thatched roofs and mud floors, and looking like beehives, care for the overflow, at least those who don't prefer to sleep on the floor in the main building.

What Chance Had the Lion?

Not only his hospital takes Dr. Lawrence's time, but the care of the health of over four hundred boys and girls in the mission schools, the training of native teachers in first aid and simple remedies, and trips to outstation schools. Born in Conklin, New York, Dr. Lawrence attended the New York Homeopathic Medical College and the Royal Medical College of Edinburgh.

Hospital "Wards" in Chikore
Native Nurses in Foreground

Dr. Willis (in Chikore 1930-1931) and Nurse Merrill

Santee

By Ferdinand Quincy Blanchard

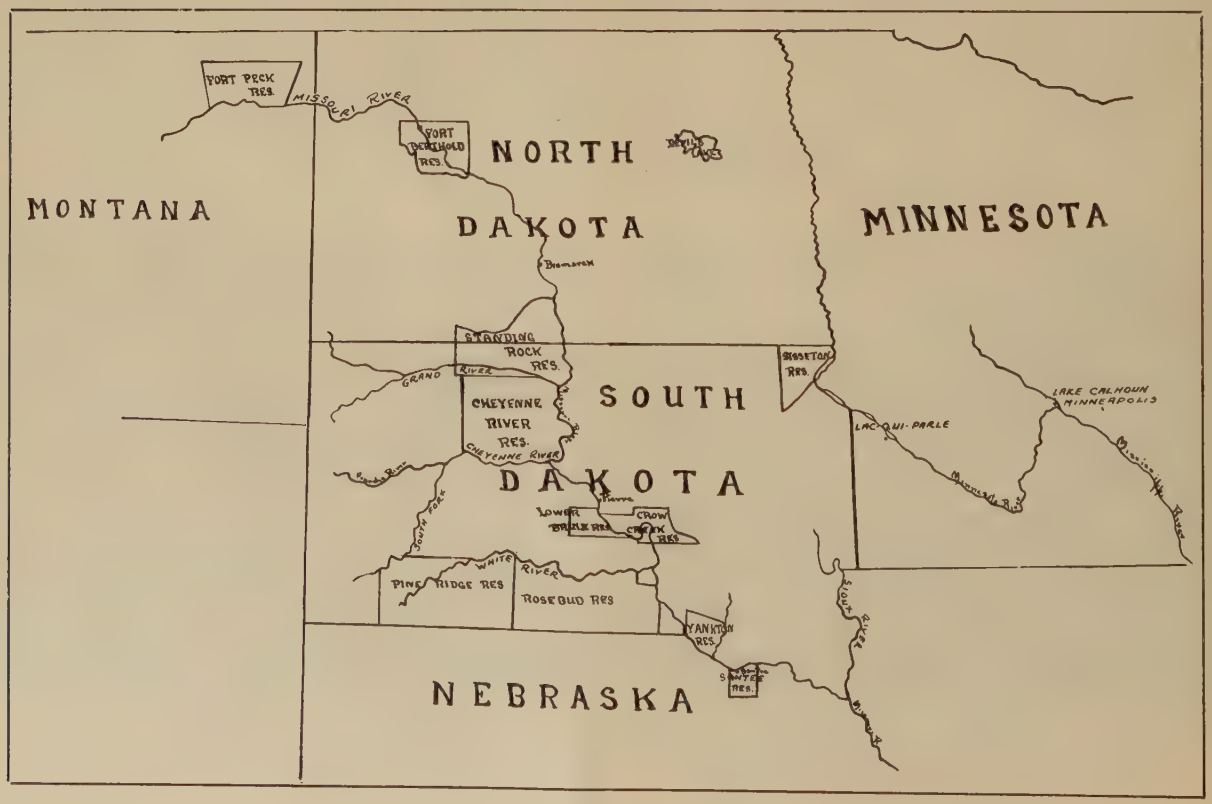
Spring 1837

A YOUNG man and his bride journeying westward from the hills of Massachusetts reached the headwaters of the Mississippi. They had started when the snowdrifts were deep in the Berkshires. Going by stage until they reached Cincinnati, they there began the long journey by river which on June 1st brought them to the far-advanced military post of Fort Snelling at the Falls of St. Anthony and the future site of Minneapolis and St. Paul. There was a brief rest here and then they pushed on two hundred miles farther to join a little group of men and women, missionaries of the American Board to the Sioux.

In an upper room of a log house of a story and a half, Stephen and Mary Riggs made their home for the first five years. In his words better than any other one catches the delicious spirit of their enterprise.

"There were some hardships about such close quarters, but, all in all, Mary and I never enjoyed five winters better than those spent in that upper room. There our first three children were born. There we worked in acquiring the language. There we received our Dakota visitors. There I wrote and wrote again my ever-growing dictionary. And then, with what help I could obtain, I prepared for the printer the greater part of the New Testament in the language of the Dakotas. It was a consecrated room."

After twenty-five years only a small group of Indians could be counted as Christians. The rest seemed untouched in their ancient ways. Then in 1862 the oft-repeated tragic story in the advance of the white people upon Indian land again was written. The desperate Sioux launched themselves upon settlements and scattered homes, destroyed perhaps a thousand lives but ended in the prison stockades of the United States Army forts. In the days when they were treated as prisoners of war, their fate uncertain, came the reward of the long, seemingly fruitless years of toil of Stephen and Mary Riggs and their asso-



ciates. The Indian captives turned almost to a man to the missionaries, who stayed with them in their misery, and asked to be received into the Christian fellowship.

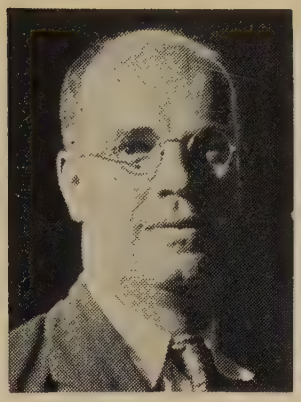
Spring 1870

On the banks of the Missouri in the far northeast corner of Nebraska, some thirty miles south of the pioneer town of Yankton, survivors of the uprising were settled on a government reservation. They were Sioux of the Santee tribe. It was the 3rd of June. An old steamboat puffed its way up the broad but twisting channel. The passengers on board—army men, traders and missionaries—saw a rough landing stage on the sandy southern bank. With some little difficulty the weather-beaten craft was made fast and Alfred Riggs and his young wife, their two children and two brothers, Thomas and Henry, landed to take up the second stage of the work the father and mother had begun in the Minnesota wilderness. They found some old friends and associates already there, awaiting their arrival to leave the task in their hands.

There was a church, the Pilgrim Church it was called, a not unfitting name for these Indian people, driven far from their old home. There came to be a school. Slowly through the years buildings were erected, all very simple, with accommodations most primitive judged by modern ideas of convenience and comfort. The wise and devoted leader, who kept the ideals of a scholar in an isolated Indian village, passed away, and his son Frederick took up the work and carried it forward until at last he, too, had reached the year of retirement. Then amid universal regret and protests hardly to be restrained he relinquished his duties and we come to

The Spring of 1933

Ninety-six years since Stephen and Mary saw the primeval forest beyond their little clearing, seventy years since Alfred and another Mary with their children pushed up through the reeds of the river bottom to begin their life at Santee. Fred Riggs gave over his own and his father's work into the hands of Rudolf Hertz, an Oberlin man, whose life since graduation has been spent among the Indians. Devoted to their interests, understanding them today in their history,



RUDOLF HERTZ

experience and mental outlook as few white men do, his wife the beloved daughter of the revered Dr. Charles L. Hall, for over fifty years missionary on the Fort Berthold reservation, he is a worthy comrade in the noble succession of workers supplied by three generations of the Riggs family.

Santee School has become an academy, having no pupils below the eighth grade. It has fifty boys and thirty-eight girls. Some students come from eight hundred miles away, a journey now possible and not of prohibitive expense by bus. It includes a good farm, an excellent printing shop and another with forges for metal working. There is a good school building erected by Congregational and Presbyterian money as a memorial to Alfred Riggs; dormitories; and the chapel, the home of the Indian Pilgrim Church.

The United States government believes in it enough to send its wards there. It is a sort of shrine for the Sioux nation. Here is the last standing memorial of an heroic missionary epoch in Congregational history, Congregationalism's one surviving service to the Indians, a school which has trained every man and woman who has proven a leader among the Sioux.

Save Santee

It is unthinkable, is it not, that this school should be abandoned. Assuredly! But if this is not to happen the ravages which time makes in material investments must be made good. What are these, you will ask. Here they are.

In the old days water was hauled from the Missouri River by ox team in barrels. Later an artesian well was sunk. The latter has served the full time that pipes can resist the chemicals

in the water of the region, nearly a decade. It is now ceasing to function and cannot be repaired. We cannot go back to the ox team of the old primitive days. First, then, a new artesian well which will cost $3,000. The life of the school is dependent on this.

The girls' dormitory ought to be adequately equipped with fire escapes. Grinding economy left them out, at first, and in years since has not been able to build adequate ones. But if we embark on a new decade we dare not trust to good fortune longer.

The boys' dormitory is unheated in the bedrooms. It was 20° below zero outside the day I was there; zero in the bedrooms. Does not someone who complains if his rooms drop below summer warmth whatever the temperature outside feel a little guilty? Several buildings are sadly in need of paint, plastering and refurnishing. The farm requires $1,000 for new equipment and seed and feed.

In a word $20,000 could be used and not a penny be spent on anything but basic needs. Whence shall it come? The A.M.A. is in debt. It faces more debt if it only maintains things so as to avert further deterioration. Its apportionment from the churches has been reduced. Its investments—well what are any investments these days? Those of the A.M.A. are like others.

These are the facts—plain, straight and inescapable. Congregationalists and other lovers of humanity will decide the future of this ministry to the Indian race; at once a great memorial and profoundly needed and important.

Doshisha's President

DR. HACHIRO YUASA who has been acting-president of the University since March 25, 1934, soon after the death of his brother-in-law President Daikuhara, has been officially elected president—the tenth to hold that office. His inauguration will take place in the fall when Doshisha celebrates the sixtieth anniversary of its founding.

Dr. Yuasa was born April 29, 1890, the son of a well-to-do merchant of Annak near where Josseph Hardy Neesima was born. Dr. Yuasa's father was a disciple of Neesima's and his grandmother also received baptism from Neesima's hands. Thus President-Elect Yuasa is a third-generation Christian, a statement that can rarely be made of a Japanese Christian of his age.

After Hachiro Yuasa finished Doshisha in 1908, he went to the United States to engage in farming. He spent three years in Livingston and Oakland, Calif. Then he went to the Kansas State Agricultural College, receiving the degree of B.S. there in 1915; then to the University of Illinois where he received the degree of M.S. in 1917, majoring in entomology. Illinois also gave him the degree of Ph.D. in entomology in 1920. He was a research guest in the University of Chicago 1920–21, a member of the Illinois State Survey of Natural History 1921–22, a Travel Fellow of the Ministry of Education of Japan 1922–23, in residence and travel in Germany, France and Italy. After his return to Japan in January, 1934, he was appointed by the Ministry of Education Professor of Entomology in Kyoto Imperial University. He was given the degree

President and Mrs. Yuasa (left) entertain Secretary Fairfield (right) of the A.B.C.F.M. and Professor and Mrs. Bade of the Pacific School of Religion.

of Doctor of Science by Tokyo Imperial University in 1926. In 1932 he was sent for entomological research to Hawaii.

Mrs. Yuasa is a grand-daughter of the founder of Japan's W.C.T.U. She graduated from Simpson College, Iowa, in 1921.

Our Teacher, Adversity

By Harold Wesley Robinson

HOW can we, and others, learn from the great teacher, Adversity, the lessons which she has for us? A few years ago an American visitor in China asked a Chinese principal in our presence what China has to teach the West. The principal, a returned student from Grinnell and Cornell, and therefore in a position to answer that question, replied that he didn't think China had anything to teach the West.

To the questioner I tried to show that *the* real answer of the principal was Humility: not *what* he said so much as the *way* in which he said it. No true Westerner would be loath to tell an Oriental what we have to teach the latter's part of the world, for, alas! Humility is not one of our strong points.

But if we are to learn the truth which Adversity would impart to us we probably shall be able to do so only if we possess very humble minds and hearts. A prayer that wells up in my bosom very often is that I may not miss the lesson that this experience of Adversity can teach because I lack a humble spirit.

China has other lessons to teach us. I once asked Professor Hodous of Hartford Seminary what he thought the West could learn from China. The substance of his reply was this:

The Buddhist thinks of life as something evil; so man's salvation is to withdraw from life.

The Westerner looks upon life and nature as something controlled by laws; man's salvation comes through the understanding and control of these laws.

The Chinese doesn't think of life as being evil; neither does he think of it as something to be controlled. To him life is something to which man must adjust himself.

Escape, control, adjust; take your choice. I personally believe that the Chinese have learned some lessons in Adversity which we have not yet mastered.

Isn't "Adjustment" a good word for us to ponder over as we sit down with our great teacher, Adversity? If we are truly humble perhaps we can learn to adjust ourselves to our new situations and experiences so that life may be even richer than it has been before. A second prayer that I feel like praying "without ceasing" is that I may be able to adjust myself gracefully to the new life that is mine and I surely wish that I were more like the Chinese when it comes to such a task. They are past masters at making the most of adverse situations.

Some years ago I was called to the home of an old clock-maker in Santa Barbara, California, to see if I could tell him where some clocks came from which he had collected. He was sure that they came from the Orient and he suspected that they came from China. One of those old clocks had a bell which had been broken but so skillfully had it been mended that its tone was perfect. Who could possess such skill?

I could not say for a certainty but if there is anyone who can mend a bell so that its original tone will be restored I am willing to wager that he was born in China. All around us here in China are men who make their living mending broken teacups, glasses and other fragile vessels and they are so clever that it is not hard for me to believe that some of them might be able to mend perfectly a broken bell. It takes an artist to do it but it can be done.

Is it not so with the bells of the soul? To be sure, we usually speak of them as "heart-strings," but whatever it is that makes music in the soul it can be mended, for we have seen it done.

THE
GENERAL CONGREGATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF FLORIDA
AT ITS ANNUAL MEETING HELD HERE 28 JANUARY 1885 AT
ORANGE CITY
INITIATED THE MOVEMENT WHICH RESULTED IN THE ESTABLISHMENT OF
ROLLINS COLLEGE
FLORIDA'S OLDEST INSTITUTION OF HIGHER EDUCATION
AND AT A SPECIAL MEETING HELD AT ORANGE CITY ON 17 APRIL 1885
THE LOCATION OF THE COLLEGE WAS AWARDED TO
WINTER PARK
THIRTY MILES SOUTH OF ORANGE CITY ON THIS HIGHWAY
IN COMMEMORATION OF THESE SIGNIFICANT EVENTS
THIS MARKER HAS BEEN PLACED HERE
29 JANUARY 1935
BY THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

The D.A.R. Marker

Presented by Mrs. T. C. Maguire. Accepted by Mayor Webb of Orange City, Florida, January 29, 1935.

Memorial Tablet on Congregational Church, Orange City

Left to right: Rev. R. Gordon Brokenshire, pastor; Mrs. Jane Porteus Murray, donor; Dr. William S. Beard, Chairman of Centennial Ceremonies.

Rollins College

By Henry J. Kilbourn

An institution founded by Congregational churches celebrates its jubilee

THOSE twin "Steeds of the Sun," Missions and Education, have drawn the chariot of the Congregational church from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Maine to the Gulf, throughout the history of our Republic.

Thus it came to be that in Winter Park, the beautiful plateau city of central Florida, on January 29, 1885, a group of the thirteen first Congregational churches of the state in session at Orange City, without funds or promise of funds, voted to found Rollins College.

Fifty years from that day began a series of celebrations of the semi-centennial. [Others will be held April 17 and 28, and November 4. ED.]

The series opened with memorial worship at Orange City. A great procession, preceded by the splendid white and purple-robed student choir, with faculty, students, officials of the General Council of Congregational and Christian Churches, guests representing over forty colleges and preparatory schools, delegates from Baptist, Catholic, Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Universalist bodies in the South, marched to an open-air auditorium encircled by live-oak and eucalyptus trees.

The assemblage lifted twelve hundred voices in the hymn of our fathers, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' name"; then stirring messages of the hour were given by two representative preachers.

Dr. Edward M. Noyes, of Massachusetts and Florida, rose to the heights as he traced the origin of Rollins: beyond the aspirations of Lucy Cross, the prime mover in its founding; beyond Oberlin College which inspired her; beyond Plymouth Rock and the Mayflower Compact; back to the New Testament and the shining hills of God.

Moderator Jay T. Stocking said that the history of the college was to be found in the biographies of the three thousand men and women who had gone out from it; it was to be found in their dreams and discoveries, their homes, the communities they had enriched, their pupils, their churches, the social and institutional ideals they had elevated.

He said that because religion was the mightiest force in the world a conspicuous place should be given to the study of it in every college; that Rollins College in particular, coming back on this day of celebration to the church that had started it on its way, should fulfill its mission in preparing its students for "the cross-country journey that we call Life."

A memorial tablet placed upon the church contains two inscriptions: one can easily be read in the accompanying picture; the other reads:—

"In view of the need of the State of Florida for . . . institutions for the higher education of the young men and women of the State . . . and fully believing that Congregationalism cannot really fulfill its mission, and be true to its educational history unless it also carry with the Gospel of Christ the means and facilities for intellectual

enlightenment . . . it is . . . recommended that the Association . . . select the most suitable location for the College . . . elect a Board of Trustees . . . and take such other steps as may be necessary to complete the organization and incorporation of this institution of learning."

In addition to this memorial tablet on the church, a roadside marker, gift of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the third placed by them in Florida, was unveiled. It calls attention to the action of the Florida Congregationalists fifty years ago.

The College takes its name from Alonzo W. Rollins, a man from Maine, who subscribed $50,000 toward the fund of $114,000 pledged by the town of Winter Park. President Hamilton Holt has added during the years of the depression more than a million dollars to the general endowment. Five buildings of the Spanish type have arisen amid the palms and gardens of the forty-five acre campus. The student body and the faculty have more than doubled in the past nine years. On October 1 the tenth anniversary of President Holt's administration will be celebrated.

A Transfer

From Congregationalists to Episcopalians

AT the meeting of the Administrative Committee of the Church Extension Boards in Evanston at the time of the Midwinter Meeting it was voted: "To approve the negotiations between the Church Extension Boards and the Protestant Episcopal Church covering the transfer of our missionary work in Columbia, S. C., to the latter church as of February 1, 1935, it being understood that under this arrangement the Rev. Florence L. Squires, now in charge of the work, will be retained in service." Behind this action lies a most interesting situation.

The Congregational Church in Columbia was organized in 1931 by F. P. Ensminger, to meet the needs of an unchurched group. Although Columbia is the capital of the state and a city of much beauty and some wealth, there exists not many blocks from the governor's mansion an area of tumble-down shacks presenting many acute social problems. Our church was organized in an old building on top of a trash heap with a host of hovels behind it, a railroad track before it, and the state penitentiary a quarter of a mile beyond it. Although the building has been made attractive, title to the land upon which it stands has remained in other hands.

For the past fourteen years services have been maintained and a rich ministry offered to this most needy neighborhood. Since 1932 the Rev. Florence L. Squires has given herself with complete self-abandon to the people of the community.

As the years passed it has become increasingly apparent that this would continue to be a mission enterprise verging on the rescue variety. Such a ministry is best maintained through the support of the local community. Our only

Rev. Florence L. Squires, of Columbia, S. C.

other churches in South Carolina are located in Charleston, many miles away. Our national constituency has no particular obligation to the slum area in this particular Southern city. Those who have seen the work of Mrs. Squires have felt that in justice to her own health she should not carry forward this work alone, and yet our churches were in no position to supply her with assistance. Hers has been a lonely, isolated, and impossible task.

In view of the circumstances it has seemed wise to look for some local body to whom this responsibility could be transferred. Mrs. Squires already enjoyed happy relations with the bishop and people of the Episcopal Church, and to them she turned. The story of the final steps can best be given in the words of Milo Sweet, pastor-at-large for the Carolinas and Georgia:

"'We have met the bishop, and we are theirs!' We had a most interesting heart-to-heart and brain-to-brain conference in which all phases of the giving of the work into their hands were discussed. The upshot was that they agreed to take our little church under their 'watch-care,' as the bishop wanted it put, 'and see what would come of it.' It was thought best for me to present the matter to the church in such a way as to avoid anything like a feeling that the work was being abandoned but rather to lead the people to see that the Episcopalians were in a position to do what we are unable to do. This was done on Sunday morning, and after the proposition had been put to the church everyone present save one outsider rose in a spirit of genuine thankfulness while Mrs. Squires offered a prayer of renewed consecration.

"The bishop will ask the men's league in his leading church to foster this activity. Mrs. Squires will continue as pastor for at least a year, with no loss in salary. They may make a deaconess of her. The insurance on the building will continue to be held by us, so that if it burns we will be the beneficiaries. Within five or six short blocks the Episcopalians have a church to which I predict most of these people will ultimately go, but there is to be no sudden break with us and joining with them, although it is expected that some of these people will gradually be confirmed in the Episcopal church. They want me to come and visit them when I can, and this I expect to do. The bishop is a fine man without any officiousness. He will take good care of Mrs. Squires. Her ministerial standing with us will continue for the present."

Impelled

By Henry Curtis McDowell

I HAVE read and studied the bulletin *Making Christ Known* with great interest and profit. I am glad to know that the cooperating Boards are committing themselves to the proposition of sending occasional bulletins and outstanding books of evangelistic and devotional character to the field.

Be it far from me to suggest a moratorium on this phase of mission development, but, personally, I confess that it is not a dearth of ideas or ideals that hampers McDowell in becoming the effective evangelist and all-round missionary that he longs to become. The reasons go deeper, and have their roots partly in McDowell himself and partly in the practical difficulties due to existing order.

The ideas and suggestions set forth in the bulletin are, of course, not new; but the compilation and restatement are stimulating. During the past few days I have at odd moments tried to rethink and recheck my own sphere of action and service in the light of the implications of the bulletin, and particularly the idea back of it.

Our work is almost wholly among primitive people and first-generation Christians. Their primitive background is literally shot through with religion, and so well blended and woven that one cannot extract the religious without ruining the whole fabric. There are beliefs and the makings of creeds, but nobody thought of organizing and formulating them, and thus they needed no defenders or religious exercises

to keep them alive. People merely lived what was considered a normal life.

This, however, is a statement of the ideal of Umbundu life. My study and observation have convinced me that the people here also had difficulties in attaining and maintaining this ideal. The very strong restraints and the changing emphases based on practical experience eloquently show that this ideal, culture, yea whole life (including religious), desperately needed a Saviour; and without a Saviour their very fine ideal and excellent culture have been as a ship without a rudder.

I have over a long period of years been a conscientious and sympathetic student of the life about me, and have spent long and patient years in an effort to understand it. During the early years when my study was more superficial I was almost overwhelmed with admiration and appreciation, and sat for hours drinking in the wisdom of Umbundu elders as they set forth the ideal Umbundu Way of Life.

Later my attitude was one of great concern for the perpetuation of the excellent ideal. As friendships with elders grew deeper and more normal, the veil between us lifted more and more, deeper strivings and the very souls of folks began to be exposed, I began to greatly sympathize with the people in their long and circuitous quest in search of a sufficient base for their way of life. And so, with genuine appreciation, understanding, and sympathy, I am impelled to preach Christ with an assurance and clear vision that I did not formerly possess.

It is true that outside forces are terrible in their onslaught, and there is considerable disintegration about us. At a certain stage in my career the task of a missionary to Africa appealed to me greatly on this score. I preached Christ as a sort of shock absorber while forces played upon each other. One often gets this approach in articles on mission work as a reason for missions in Africa. At most this situation merely adds to the urgency. In actual practice the approach is made on the basis of Christianity relieving to some degree the shock and supposedly serving as the basis of a new composite culture and life now coming into being. The people themselves confuse Christianity with all the other new forces and in some instances it hastens the disintegration and makes it complete.

The message is compelling when Christ is made known as the Eternal Saviour, the Saviour sought in even the ideal Umbundu state, and irrespective of change and decay. True, He heals the wounds made by the merciless onslaught, but He is not to be confused as the great cleaner-up after secularism makes its mess.

I am not greatly moved by eloquence of speech or writing that is constantly attempting to step-up a bit the evangelistic process by stressing the urgency due to a race between Christ and disintegration, communism, or any other of the passing show. I raced with these changes while in the Seminary, while in the pastorate before becoming a missionary, and during many years after reaching Africa. I have already seen sufficient change to know that Christ is still unique, and even after the changes men continue to need Him as their Saviour.

This is not an argument against haste in the King's business, but is a short statement describing a growth that has revolutionized my preaching, and given me an assurance and boldness to present Christ as the Unique Saviour, that for a time I floundered about in search of.

Psychologically our people are wonderfully prepared for an all-pervading Christ. Religion, among the people here, to become a power and a permanent part of their life must be the type that permeates all life.

I have for some time been enchanted by the vision of the Christian life becoming the normal way of life in the same sense that religion is normal in the Umbundu Way of Life. The difficulties are many: a rotten economic system that keeps people in a constant state of instability, the inhibitions inherent in the subject—peoples' set-up—to mention only two. These difficulties seem insuperable and necessarily affect a full and complete evangelism, but I have been safely helped over so many hurdles that I believe that with an intelligent awareness of the difficulties, sustained thought and prayer regarding them, and fully embracing present opportunities, the Eternal Christ will point the way.

Just now I lead a very busy life. Circumstances seem to have conspired against me this year. With the withdrawal of Mr. Coles and my inheriting all his work, Mrs. McDowell's illness and my inheriting her work, the plague of grasshoppers that has devastated the country, and a thousand lesser adverse circumstances, I merely repeat, "Invincible." "Pressed on every side, yet not straitened; perplexed, yet not unto despair; pursued, yet not forsaken; smitten down, yet not destroyed."

The Herald Inspires

By Matthew A. Vance

The minister in Maynard, Massachusetts, offers a suggestion

FOR a number of years THE MISSIONARY HERALD has brought to me the work of the Larger Kingdom in which I am and have a very vital part. It has helped me to keep a balance in my Christian thinking, reminding me in the midst of local urgencies that a Follower of the Christ these days cannot and must not localize and limit his response to human need. And now and again it has brought me apt materials for sermons and short lectures—as would any other church periodical.

Living Epistles

But a sudden insight has illumined the entire periodical for me, and makes it glow with a spiritual power and reality heretofore not realized.

I had been reading some of the Letters of St. Paul: Galatians, Ephesians, and the letter to beloved Timothy, and the words "The Gospel which I received . . . and which I transmitted to you" were in my mind as I became vividly conscious of the deep need of the Church of Jesus Christ for living Epistles of His transforming power: men and women who embodied in themselves the truth of the Gospel.

"Here is what we most urgently need today," to myself I said. "Not a Laymen's Report, good as it is; not a new apologetic of the mental gymnastics kind; not a new sensationalism that will attract the crowds for a time. What we need is a revival of Gospel living, not after the pattern of men, but after the mind of Christ. For our main difficulty is that we have lost the Christ in the traffic, and by the time we have found Him again we are so exhausted that we have no mind for a clear appreciation. Our preaching needs a note of living authority: not a mass of quotations, but a mass of changed lives that are testing this Gospel to the utmost."

And then I picked up THE MISSIONARY HERALD, vibrant with vital Christianity, breathing the air of the battle front, meeting the challenges of the world in the personalities of consecrated men and women who had seen the vision and had climbed the peak. Each page alive with first-hand experience of the living Christ; each page a living Epistle of the power of the Gospel to redeem and transform life; each page challenging the complacent church, even as did St. Paul. I saw THE MISSIONARY HERALD in its true light: a vehicle of living truth, tested truth, Christian truth, experienced in remaking life.

Therefore, I preach from THE MISSIONARY HERALD as I have never done before: not taking its stories wholesale without regard to local need and handing them out as missionary propaganda, but using its materials as one would use coals of fire, to lighten and inflame and rekindle, and to make possible the realization of the Christ in us.

The Herald Continues the Story of the Early Church

It contains records and realities as of the early church, namely, men and women caught by Christ, who bear His marks on their bodies, who by their very lives speak eloquently of the Christ. They are as disciples of a new truth, who, buffeted by the crowd as were almost every group of first disciples, stand for what they preach and win others by the spiritual evidence in their own lives of the transforming power of Jesus Christ. The early church had this evidence distinctively; every new movement builds on this and makes it its dominant and outstanding message. But a long-established institution is apt to

clutter it with much of the non-essential, to lose it in the machinery, to neglect it, depending too much on other forces, invested funds, church heritage, and the like, until such a church suddenly wakes up to the fact that it is about to become a living corpse.

The Missionary Herald has become to me, then, the continued story of the early church. No doubt I am late in my realization of this, and no doubt, too, that many who read this will say, "I have known it all the time." Yet an experience that glows carries with it a certain amount of illumination, and it may thus be of some value to others.

Preach from The Missionary Herald. See what God is doing and has done. If perchance we sit too long under the Juniper Tree and get a bit discouraged, see how nobly our God marches on, and the Redeemed still say so.

I have a feeling that a proper use of such periodicals as The Missionary Herald, not as missionary material but as evidence of the power of our Religion to do for us more than we ask or think, will bring about the needed revival of Christian living, and a deeper concern for the things of God—and thus the plea of the Boards may be answered, and that speedily.

Preach from The Missionary Herald.

Wanderings and Wonderings

Our churches are growing more masculine in both their programs and their constituency. It is in the "frozen" ecclesiastical situations that the men still "keep their religion in their wife's name" and let the gentler sex run the church. Such is likely to be the case in small communities where there is little movement of population, small churches, and some old churches where "school has kept" in the same way for many years. But in situations where men make a fresh appraisal of the church they are proving increasingly susceptible to its appeal. Men are much in evidence in the cities and wherever the tides of life are running swiftly.

Evidence of this is found in the proportion of the sexes in attendance upon Church Officer Visitations. In static communities men are greatly in the minority, and those who do come have little to say, while in lustily growing suburban communities such as Bound Brook, New Jersey, and Desplaines, Illinois, the visitations conducted by the writer were plain stag parties.

The abstinence of men from ecclesiastical affairs in the past can be traced to the dual organization of "church" and "society" in New England, a hectic emotionalism in the pulpit, and a superficial Puritanism which magnified abstinence from the minor vices into a great virtue. The increasing willingness of men to participate in church affairs is due to a saner theology in the pulpit and a more realistic view of life all along the line. Both the church and the minister are closer to the man on the street than was once the case. But there is still room for improvement!

* * *

As one of the objects of matrimony is to make life exciting for those who enter its "blessed state," so one of the functions of the denomination is to add interest to the life of the local church. In a day when our theological distinctions have largely evaporated this is the only excuse for what the cynics dub as "ecclesiastical overhead." Although many will sympathize with the plaint of a pastor whose church has recently come into our fellowship that now he "receives too much mail," the increasing contacts within our group are grounds of hope. Undoubtedly too much of this is left to the postman, and possibly in the past there has been too great an emphasis upon financial matters, but the more pastors and people rub shoulders with other congregations the better.

We should rejoice that such publications as the "Fellowship of Prayer" are sponsored by our General Council, and that one of its secretaries promotes such gatherings as the recent conference of ministers in Springfield, Mass. In the future let us trust that our denominational chan-

nels are to be increasingly freighted with intellectual and spiritual impulses which will quicken our local churches into newness of life.

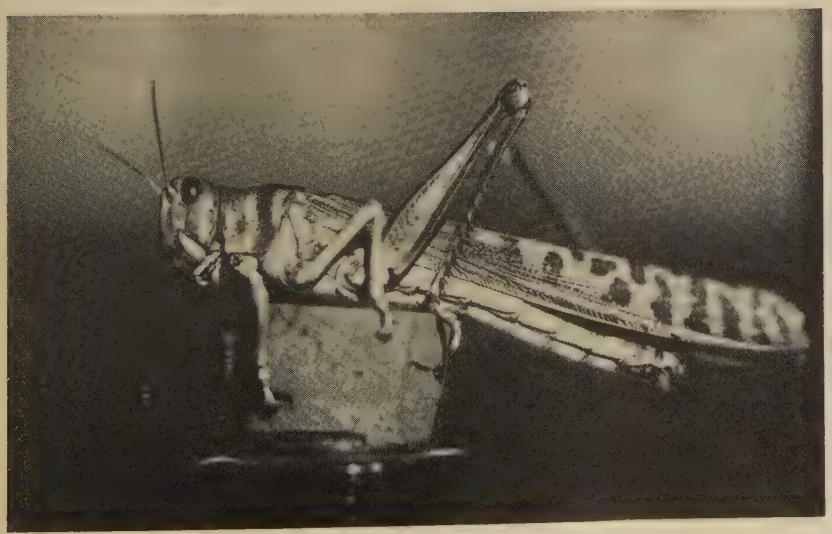
* * *

The retirement of Fred Grey on March 31 and of Charles G. Murphy on July 31 marks the close of the field work of the Education Society, aside from the multitudinous activities of its associate secretary in Chicago, Robert W. Gammon. Twenty years ago there were almost as many educational field men as there were state superintendents. Today none of the four men engaged in this work—Porter Bowers of Connecticut, Henry J. Condit of New York, Victor Marriott of Chicago and Royal B. Montgomery of Iowa—are employed by the Education Society.

Something more than the necessity for economy lies behind this change. To some extent these workers have helped to eliminate their own jobs. During the last quarter of a century a new generation of ministers has grown up, most of whom have been trained in religious education. Usually they know far more about the art of coöperation than did their predecessors. An appreciable segment of the laity have also been indoctrinated with the newer view of things. The rising standards of general education together with the new leisure are producing better lay leadership all the time. The enterprises which the field secretary once sponsored can now be entrusted to committees without in any way endangering their success. The workers retire and are not replaced —but the work goes on.

* * *

Some time ago one of our state conferences in a spirit of parsimonious shrewdness entered into an arrangement with its acting executive officer by which he could only draw his salary in such proportion as he had actually spent his travel allowance. The idea was to see to it that the good brother actually circulated among the churches. While objecting to such a mechanical arrangement as this, we would like to commend the purpose that prompted it. There are those who criticize secretaries and superintendents for traveling too much. Like all other human beings they make mistakes and are sometimes beguiled into wild-goose chases which produce scant results, and yet the major sin of church officials is not traveling too far but sitting in an office too much. From the point of view of maintaining an intimate knowledge of our churches and their work sitting is a dangerous posture and a swivel chair a slippery place. Thanks to the courtesies which are shown to him, a secretary's travel costs far less than most people imagine. The real wastage which we suffer does not lie in extravagant expense accounts but in the unwise decisions made because of a lack of intimate knowledge of what is happening on the field. Our denominational officials should be given every encouragement to "keep on the go."



In Answer to Our Locust Appeal

In response to the plea of the American Board in the January HERALD $614.25 came in up to March 8, to be sent to the West Africa Mission where people are starving because of the devastation wrought by locusts. Miss Dibble has written recently of the tragic need for food.

A Marine Garden

Hobby of an associate missionary in Micronesia

WHAT is money compared with the fragile tinted beauty of a South Sea Island shell?

Nothing, in the opinion of Carl R. Heine. His hobby is not the cultivation of roses or cucumbers, but a marine garden in the South Seas, where gigantic eyes—blue, brown, yellow, and green—gaze up at you out of the depths of crystal-clear water "without a wink or a blink or a flutter of their stony eyelids."

That is the way Carl Heine describes his big clams related to the Tridaena Gigas. There are turtles, too, of value, rare shells, corals perfect in color and structure, superior even to those presented to royalty in Japan. Here also are living molluscs whose shells contain, for aught anyone knows, a king's ransom in pearls.

For forty-four years Carl Heine has lived in his Marshall Islands, and has left them only for two or three visits to Japan and once for a visit to Australia, where he was born in the little town of Singleton. This was named for his mother's family, to which it had been a grant from the Crown. His great-grandparents had gone to Australia in their own ship. His grandfather was captain of a South Sea whaler, and Carl Heine first came to the Micronesian Islands to work for a trading company.

His experience of what he feels to be a genuine "conversion"—although he had always considered himself a Christian—is an interesting story. He married a Kusaian and several of his children are now engaged in Christian work, with the oldest boy especially active as a leader.

In his work, which includes the supervision of native schools and churches, as well as the encouragement and counseling of native Christians, Mr. Heine travels a great deal by native canoe which he says with a fair wind can skim along at about five miles an hour. He has a small outboard motor to use when winds are light.

Often he stops the motor and, allowing himself to drift slowly, gazes down through the crystal-clear water upon a strange and exotic world. To him, in that tropic setting, the bottom of the lagoon resembles an undulating snow-covered field with a few stark leafless plants made of coral exposed here and there.

"Not a sign of life may be visible save when an occasional school of bright-colored fish, pursued by some enemy, flash past and disappear," he writes. "Coral which would send into ecstasies the student of marine flora, may be seen in all the common and uncommon varieties: boulder coral, mushroom coral, stocky and slender growths, some branching like the antlers of a stag, and others delicate in a lacy loveliness. Like a great inverted lampshade one variety rises on a slim central stock to branch out symmetrically, eight or ten feet from rim to rim.

"Gorgeously colored fish, curious looking fish,

A South Sea Island Canoe

Japanese Warship Leaving the Lagoon

A Sunday Setting of the Sun in the Marshalls after Service

and just plain homely fish, may be seen darting to and fro. Pearl shells are seen in some localities, and many of them contain pearls of great value. While drifting along we may see what appear to be gigantic eyes gazing up at us. They are varieties of Tridacna, a bivalve from a few inches in length up to two feet or more. The Islanders have a name for one—'Eye-of-the-Reef.'

"Some of the larger ones must be very old. Coral growths on them give them an appearance of being hoary with age."

Jaluit, on which Mr. Heine lives, is a typical coral island, described as "an area of water, a lagoon about twenty-five miles by fifteen in extent, surrounded by coral life." Along this coral reef are many small islands which are covered by several feet of water in high tide. The average height of the dry land is about four or five feet. Most of it is densely covered with coconut palms, breadfruit and pandanus trees.

"The native people are said to be Polynesian," says Mr. Heine. "According to Professor MacMillan Brown, the Marshall Islanders are of true Caucasian stock with a mixture of several other races. The complexion of the majority is brown, but some there are of a darker shade. Some have straight hair, some wavy, others curly, but none have kinky hair."

The population of the entire group is less than ten thousand; there are churches and schools on every island of the group, with most of the work in charge of native pastors and teachers. Mr. Heine himself is in charge of a boarding and training school. There are about three hundred Christian Endeavorers and over two hundred and fifty church members.

When asked by a distinguished American magazine to write an article for it, Mr. Heine declined with regret because he was "too busy with his work." Though, after reading some of the things written by "persons who appeared to have received most of their impressions through the bottom of a beer glass," he has been strongly tempted to try his hand at a story about life on his islands.

Mr. Heine's Associates

Preparing Copra for the Market

Camera News

By Dorothy P. Cushing

BRIEF, AND TO THE POINT

Bobby, going on five, son of Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Woolworth, Tarsus, wanted a new prayer. He had attended kindergarten ten days and felt fully qualified to make one up. So he did. Said Bobby, "Dear Lord, I have lots of work. You haven't any work. Please help me with my work." Here he is with sister Dorothy and the white bunny.

PROOF OF THE PUDDING

But it happens to be cake made by the second-year Industrial Class at Inanda Seminary, Phoenix, South Africa. Modestly in the background is the head of the Department, Miss Agnes Wood.

THEY BROOK NO OPPOSITION!

Union Normal School students, Canton, China, where Miss Edna Lowrey is our only worker. "To train Christian teachers and to inspire them to go to needy places to teach," is the splendid purpose of this school. In case you don't understand the heading—the girls are paddling!

JOLLY JUNIORS

Wenshan Girls' School in Foochow, China, celebrated its eightieth anniversary in January. There was one pigtail and several permanents among the 300 bobbed heads of these smart and smiling young ladies when Miss Helen F. Smith, of the faculty, left for furlough recently.

SERVICE

Here are girl volunteers going to teach Sunday school in less favored areas and to sing in the choir of the city church.

CARRY THEIR OWN

Back to school after vacation. Some have coolies to carry their luggage but lots of the girls smash their own!

SOME OF THEIR PUPILS

Children in the Sunday-school classes of the Church of Christ in China where the Wenshan students give their time and talent.

"Arise! Let Us Be Going!"

A Devotional Service for the Lenten Season

By Olive Pearson Patch

Prelude: Hymn Solo, "Into the Woods My Master Went," or Piano, playing softly, refrain of "He Leadeth Me."

Passage from the Scripture

Then Jesus came with them to a place called Gethsemane, and he said to the disciples,

"Sit down here while I go over yonder and pray."

And he took Peter and Zebedee's two sons with him and began to show grief and distress of mind. Then he said to them,

"My heart is almost breaking. You must stay here and keep watch with me."

And he went on a little way and threw himself on his face and prayed, saying,

"My Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass by me. Yet not as I please but as you do!"

When he went back to the disciples he found them asleep. And he said to Peter,

"Then you were not able to watch with me for one hour? You must all watch, and pray that you may not be exposed to trial! One's spirit is eager, but flesh and blood are weak!"

He went away again a second time and prayed, saying,

"My Father, if it cannot pass by me without my drinking it, your will be done!"

When he came back he found them asleep again, for they could hardly keep their eyes open. And he left them and went away again and prayed a third time, in the same words as before. Then he came back to the disciples and said to them,

"Are you still sleeping and taking your rest? See, the time has come for the Son of Man to be handed over to wicked men! *Rise! Let us be going!*"

Goodspeed Version, Matthew 26: 36–46.

Meditation

"I once went into the Garden of Gethsemane, there to spend the night in prayer, centering my whole meditation on what I thought was the heart and substance of the Gethsemane incident: 'Not my will, but thine be done.' I expected to come away chastened, submissive, surrendered. But in those silent hours I found my thought shifting to the words of Jesus to the sleepy disciples, 'Arise, let us be going,'—let us be going to meet the betrayal, the rejection, the accusations, the spittle, the cross. The will of God was to be done, not by acquiescence, but by activity—it was to be done by taking hold of the whole miserable business and turning it into a triumph of the love of God. That was what is meant by the will of God being done—that will was active, redemptive, breaking through in love to men in spite of their cruelty and hate. 'Arise, let us be going,' to meet the whole thing is the key to the words, 'Thy will be done.' I came away from Gethsemane, not depressed into submission, as I thought I would be, but with a battle-cry sounding in my heart. Gethsemane meant to me no longer a sigh, and a tear and a submission, but the call to arise and go to meet everything, even the very worst that can happen to us. . . . We can see Jesus in Gethsemane no longer the Victim of the will of God, but the Victor through that will. . . . From that moment he assumed command of every situation. . . . At the end he cried, 'It is finished'— the will of God has been done—done in spite of the hate of men, yes, through it, and that will was redemptive love. . . . This is victorious vitality. It is the art of living dangerously."

(Christ and Human Suffering, E. Stanley Jones)

Responses by Two Readers

Arise, let us be going!

Where? Master how are we to know the Way?

I am the real and living way! Follow me.

Even to betrayers, without lifting a hand, deserted and alone, silent before false accusations?

If you abide by what I say, you are really disciples of mine: You will understand the truth, and the truth will set you free. Let us be going.

Even to be beaten and bear brutal abuse—to carry a cross?

Rememb'rest thou Simon the Cyrenian?

He never spoke a word to me,
  And yet he called my name,
He never gave a sign to me,
  And yet I knew and came.

At first I said, "I will not bear
  His cross upon my back;
He only seeks to place it there
  Because my skin is black."

But he was dying for a dream,
  And he was very weak,
And in his eyes there shone a gleam
  Men journey far to seek.

It was himself my pity bought;
  I did for Christ alone
What all of Rome could not have wrought
  With bruise of lash or stone.

(Countee Cullen)

Arise, let us be going!

Even to giving up life on a cross between two thieves?

Forgive them, they do not know what they are doing.

Ah, Thy Kingdom Come, Thy Will be done. It is an everlasting Way.

Prayer for Grace to Follow

"O Lord, our Guide even unto death, grant us, I pray thee, grace to follow thee whithersoever thou goest. In little daily duties to which thou callest us, bow down our wills to simple obedience, patience under pain or provocation, strict truthfulness of word and manner, humility, kindness; in great acts of duty of perfection, if thou shouldst call us to them, uplift us to self-sacrifice, heroic courage, laying down of life for thy truth's sake or for a brother. Amen.

(Christina G. Rossetti)

Hymn: "O Christ the Way, the Truth, the Life."

An Overheard Conversation

This "conversation" represents the way two of our younger ministers in Maine have been bringing a very pointed and cogent discussion of Christian missions before the churches of their area. It is given here mainly for its intrinsic worth; however, it may suggest to others both ideas and a method for effective missionary education. The speakers are Rev. F. M. Meek of the Second Church Biddeford, and Rev. J. W. Prince of Kennebunk.

Mr. Meek: "I find many people in my Parish who have *little interest in Missions.* Some are utterly opposed to supporting any religious work beyond their own Church; certainly beyond their own country."

Mr. Prince: "We all meet the same situation. It is difficult to arouse the interest of people in an enterprise which seems to be beyond their own immediate field of experience. And in a day that is narrowly nationalistic and machine-minded it becomes doubly hard.

"What do you do for such people, Mr. Meek?"

Mr. Meek: "If a man has no historical sense about Christianity he cannot be expected to discuss Missions with understanding. So, the first thing I try to do is to give something of this historical perspective."

Mr. Prince: "And how do you do that?"

Mr. Meek: "In brief, I say something like this: Fourteen years after his conversion Paul returned to his old student haunts filled with the idea that Jesus' way of life was for all men, that it was world-wide in its appeal; that the divine order of life for all men as shown by Jesus was never meant to be confined within the walls or the ideas of Jerusalem. He had seen a truth which we are still hesitant to accept: namely, that 'God hath made of one blood all men to dwell together on the face of the earth.'

"Before the drive of this conviction he became the first of the circuit riders. His territory was 'home and abroad.' For nearly twenty years he traveled Asia Minor and Southern Europe. Thousands of followers were won to the faith of his Master. And after his death the work kept growing and expanding.

"Then I say something about the family skeleton in the closet of us Western Christians who do not believe in Missions. In 598 Pope Gregory wrote to Alexandria: 'The English race, situated in the far corner of the earth, hath hitherto been in unbelief, worshipping sticks and stones. But aided by your prayers, I sent a monk. Now letters have arrived telling me of his work. They show that he and those who went with him shine among that nation with such miracles that they seem to imitate the mighty works of the apostles. At Christmas, more than 10,000 English people were baptized. I tell you this that you may know what your prayers are doing at the world's end.'

"One cannot help wondering how many of us could trace our Christian ancestry back to those 10,000 people baptized on that Christmas day. However we look at it, we Western Christians are the products of the missionary enterprise. Someone had to bring the Gospel to our ancestors—to us.

"The story of the Gospel together with its contagion of life has always spread from person to

person. As in New Testament days, Andrew told Peter, Peter told Philip, Philip told Nathaniel, so today the Andrews and Peters and Philips and Nathaniels must spread the Christian good news in a personal way."

Mr. Prince: "Yes, the magnitude of the enterprise which has grown up to carry on the work of spreading Christianity is amazing. In the Congregational Christian Church the missionary work in this country has 1,136 missionaries and workers. Our work abroad represents 'a foreign parish of 60,000,000 people under ten flags,' 537 missionaries, 73 hospitals and dispensaries, 740 churches, 1,260 educational institutions, 6,290 nationals at work. All this dedicated to spreading the Christian life at home and abroad. It is a truly magnificant growth."

* * *

Mr. Meek: "But when all these things have been said there are still people who reply that while these things are true we should not be asked to contribute to missionary enterprises *so long as we have millions of hungry men in this country.* What is your answer to such an objection, Mr. Prince?"

Mr. Prince: "The people who make this argument are often those who do not support charities at home and are merely seeking an excuse for not giving. However, we must face it squarely.

"Certainly we should feed and clothe men here who are in need. But we have plenty in this land! It is not more potatoes and cotton that we need but a better distribution of that which we have. Recovery will not come through charity but only as people can earn money so that they can buy what they need. This can come only as the profits of our industrial order are rightly divided.

"It is not more charity, but a chance. God has given us a world that is overflowing and our problem is rightly to distribute these riches. Merely to give charity will never solve our economic problem though it may temporarily aid distress.

"The amount of money given to missions is so small when compared with the amount which is needed for relief, that even if it were kept here it would hardly be noticed. How many hundred people would the amount your church gives to missions keep at work?"

Mr. Meek: "I agree with you that missions is not charity, but an obligation which we owe to other lands. Our trade, movies, machines, and munitions are going into foreign lands and we ought to send the best that we have of idealism and of religious belief.

"The world is one unit, and our missionaries in helping lift the level of life throughout the world, are bringing in higher standards of living. Eventually this means the elimination of our competition with these lower standards of economic culture and living. Thus there are no grounds on which even the economically minded can withhold missionary aid on the plea of helping men at home."

* * *

Mr. Prince: "Another objection that I have to meet is phrased in some such way as this: *'Why not Christianize America first?'* What would you say to that, Mr. Meek?"

Mr. Meek: "If Paul and the early Christians had said 'Palestine first,' or 'Jerusalem first,' 1900 years later their descendants would still have been at it trying to 'Christianize' Jerusalem or Palestine. Such an idea as Christianizing America first leads very directly to a selfish preoccupation with one's self and one's own problems. Such self concern is very definitely un-Christian.

"Further, when would the time come that the proponents of 'Christianize America first' would be agreed that they could cease to Christianize themselves and turn to the outside world? The time would never come when they would be completely satisfied with their own Christian development.

"A selfish seeking of Christianity is the surest way to stop one from ever finding it. We do not begin to share our substance with the Church, with needy friends, or with various philanthropic causes when we have decided that we have everything that we need for ourselves. Rather we share out of what we have—often out of our penury. But with such sharing we find that the law of spiritual arithmetic comes into operation. Such division instead of dividing, multiplies."

Mr. Prince: "Right. Christianity shared is like the old giant of the legend whose strength increased every time he touched the earth. The vitality of Christianity increases every time it touches a new people, a new culture, a different set of religious ideas."

* * *

Mr. Meek: "But, Mr. Prince, I have had people put forward still another question: *Why go to people who already have a religion?*"

Mr. Prince: "A religion which does not lift men and women and children to a higher type of life is not the best for that people. Any religion which fosters slavery or allows women to be considered as inferior to men, which condones superstition, which dares not speak against exploitation, is an inferior religion. If we have beliefs which will challenge another religion to deepen

its thought of God, then it is our obligation to share it with others.

"The Japanese religions have had little to say about Japan's action in China. But there was one Japanese who went to China to tell the Chinese that he was sorry for what his country had done. He was not influenced by his native religions, but by Christianity. This man, Kagawa, became a Christian because he was seeking a religion with moral power. He found that power not in the ethnic religions, but in Christianity."

Mr. Meek: "There's Turkey too. As sharers in her struggle for a new life we ought to do what we can toward revealing the beauty and power of the spirit of Jesus.

"I remember once reading of an old African woman who upon hearing of Jesus' teaching said, 'I always hoped there was a God like that.' We send Christian missionaries to lands that have their own religions because we want to help them find the God of love which Jesus revealed to us."

* * *

Mr. Prince: "Along the same general line, Mr. Meek, people sometimes say: '*But don't missionaries impose Western civilization on these other peoples? That would seem to be unfair.*' Is there any basis in fact for that objection?"

Mr. Meek: "There have been times when this imposition of our Western civilization has taken place. And the churches at home have been mainly responsible for it. They have insisted that the Western Church should be duplicated in the utterly different environment of a different people. Our architecture, our music, our hymns, our vocabulary, our type of experience, our denomination—somehow many of us at home were unable to conceive of the Christian faith in other terms, and we expected, indeed some went so far as to insist, that without these things the Christianity of other people could not be the genuine thing.

"But hard as it is for anything to rise above its source, the missionary has shown his ability to rise above this attitude of the home Church. On the whole, in recent years, the work has been remarkably free from the imposition of our Western ways and methods and cultures. Native forms of architecture, music, speech, and cultural expression are becoming the moulds used for transmitting the Christian message."

Mr. Prince: "And, too, isn't it true that it is not the missionary who is to be charged with imposing Western methods and culture on other peoples, so much as it is our Western governments and commercial enterprises? The impact of the latter has broken the old forms of government and of tribal life, the older amusements and occupations. And in their place have come foreign government by force, selfish and brutal commercial exploitation, and all the Western immoralities. Apart from the missionary, there has been no real interest in providing the people with the religious and moral checks that would enable them to meet these radical changes without the complete disruption of personal, tribal, and national life. Oftentimes the maligned missionary has been the sole bulwark for these sorely harassed people against such influences."

* * *

Mr. Meek: "Along the same line of argument, people sometimes say that *the missionary stirs up discontent.* And further, that *he goes outside his own definite field of religious work.* This objection is made very dogmatically at times. How do you meet this, Mr. Prince?"

Mr. Prince: "Who is it that makes this charge that the missionary does more harm than good by stirring up discontent? Is he one who is familiar with the lands in which the missionary works? Usually he is someone who once in a lifetime makes a world tour, and comes back as an authority on missions because he asked a bell hop in a Bombay hotel about Gandhi's idea of missions or because he asked a tobacco salesman about the native religion. Such people are as much authorities on missions as a man visiting the zoo is an authority on the diseases of animals.

"But who make these charges? Usually they come from those with commercial interests in these lands. And they often have reason for disliking the missionary and not wanting him around."

Mr. Meek: "We must remember too that the conqueror and the explorer and the commercial agent have had close contact with the native for several centuries now, as they have gone to the ends of the earth seeking new markets, and looking for treasure and special privilege. Have *they* not disturbed the native? Have *they* not enslaved the natives, taking them away from their homes and forcing them to work on plantations and in mines? Has the missionary ever broken up the native life in this way? No! The missionary has protected the native against his exploiters. He has protested to the colonial governments and opposed the trader and enslaver. For this attitude the missionary has been hated."

Mr. Prince: "Moreover, the missionary has tried to help the native save the best in his old culture and adjust his life to the new ways brought in by Western influence. And not only does he

seek to save that which is best in the native's old culture but he tries to change customs which are bad. Mission influence has organized the opposition to foot binding in China, the burning of widows in India, temple prostitution, the enslaving of women to their husbands, child marriages, trial by ordeal, the use of drugs and other evils. Is not this a work of Christ, and are not those who say that such activities are corrupting the native rather ignorant of their value?

"The ancient traditions and customs of many lands are being broken by the impact of Western civilization and our missionaries seek to help these people to find a new and more abundant life. Missionaries take the attitude Jesus did—I come not to destroy that which is old, but rather to fulfill the longings and desires for life, full, free and abundant."

* * *

"Such then are the objections which we most frequently meet. But in your judgment, Mr. Meek, why are people lukewarm toward missions?"

Mr. Meek: "The reasons have already been mentioned directly or indirectly. Many people have compartmentalized their lives. They believe in the world-wide selling of Fords and cigarettes and Hollywood movies; they approve of the wide Standard Oil interests in China. And yet they question the right of the Church to export its message.

"It is a curious dichotomy, isn't it? International trade in things for a profit, but no international 'commerce' in ideas and ideals and things of the spirit! And yet international free trade in Christianity is the only thing which will enable the East to overcome the disabilities which the West has brought to it."

Mr. Prince: "I am more and more impressed by the fact that this world of ours is an interdependent world, in which artificial barriers of ideas or of trade are alike injurious to the full and free expansion of life. Language, customs, culture —they have all come to us from the four corners of the earth. If we attempted to eliminate all the speech, all the customs, all the culture that is not strictly indigenously American, we would all be in tepees, talking Cree or Iroquois or Mic Mac. But we are all bound together in the same bundle of life. Crops fail in China or in India, and the result is felt in Chicago and New York; a war in an obscure state soon involves our sons and fathers and ourselves; our investments, personal and institutional, are world-wide; (my Church has Kingdom of Denmark bonds that are directly dependent for their yield of interest upon the European situation).

"This interdependence which is increasing daily, carries with it a responsibility to make the effect of our influence for good rather than for evil. And when there is so much of ill, we should be only too eager to give our support to Christianity, the thing which alone can counteract the evil influences of our interdependence and substitute good for them."

Mr. Meek: "Moreover, we do not see that the great need is for some uniting binding force which will enable us to dwell together as human beings, as people of one blood, children of God. Battleships will not unite us. They antagonize. Trade rivalries and commercial exploitation will not do it. They breed bitterness.

"The most apt pupil of our irresponsible divisive Western ways is Japan. Only too well she has learned her lesson. But if we had sent more missionaries into the Pacific region and fewer battleships, then the Japanese would have had a different lesson to learn. The price of a single battleship at $15,000,000 would maintain the work of the Congregational Christian Church abroad for ten years. The amount called for in the Vinson Naval Bill would support it for 165 years. And which is the better investment for the future stability of the world, battleships or the friendliness of Christ-followers?"

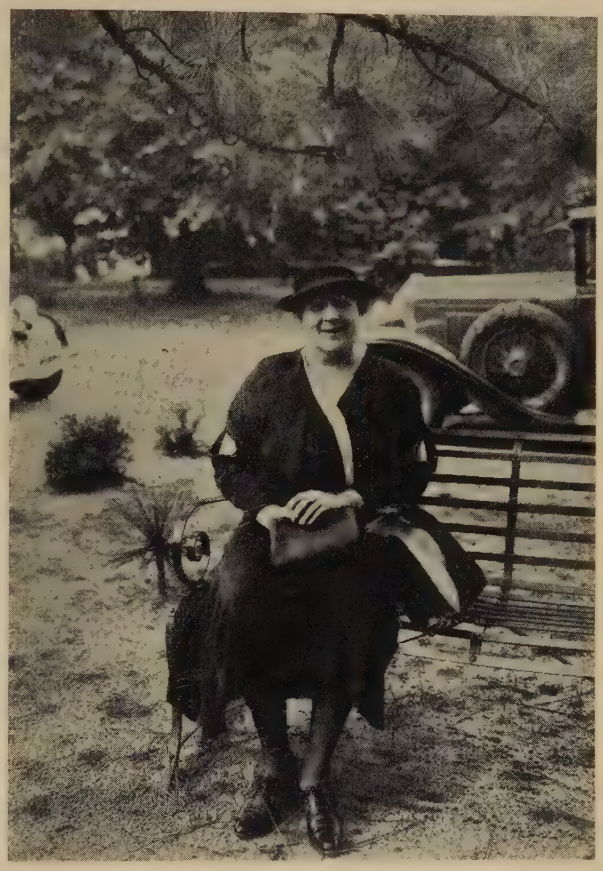
Mr. Prince: "True. We do not realize that when our hand slacks in this work we are imperiling the world. The final solution of our world problem as well as of our domestic problem lies with the spread of the influence of the Christian life—at home and abroad—in all departments of human endeavor."

Corrections

With one wrong letter and one superfluous letter in the caption of a picture, we transferred the Community Church on page 105 of the March HERALD to another state altogether. The church is in Pleasant Hill, Tennessee, of course. In the caption of another picture in the same number there is an extra syllable—but we aren't going to specify: sharp-eyed readers have probably already discovered it. Also, Dr. John Henry House was the founder of the American Farm School, Salonica.

Secretarial Side Lights

The Associate Secretary of the Commission on Missions



Mrs. David E. Brown "gets on" easily with people. She has never been known to become perturbed about anybody or anything. Although never in a hurry, she wastes few words. As a secretary she is very wise in knowing what *not* to do.

Mantie R. Hinman, to use her maiden name, just missed being a Canadian by about five miles, having been born in Newport, Vt. Her girlhood was spent in Springfield and Athol, Mass. While still in high school she became interested in library work, spending several of her vacations at the job of classifying books. After graduation she attended the Cutter Library School in Northampton, Mass., returning to Athol to work in the library. A year later she took a special course at Simmons College, Boston, where she attracted the attention of John Cotton Dana, who engaged her for a position in Newark, N. J. Afternoons and evenings she had charge of a branch library maintained for the workers in the Clarke thread mills. In the morning she looked after the outstation libraries in drug stores, fire stations, and similar places. Under her care these increased from fourteen to sixty-five in twenty months.

Marriage to David E. Brown cut short her career as a librarian, but did not quench her interest in books, which is insatiable. After an interlude given to homemaking, the rearing of one child, and activity in the local church, Mrs. Brown resumed her wider interests when she became one of the secretaries of the Philadelphia Branch of the Women's Board of Missions in 1914, which at that time covered the territory from Hoboken to Key West. Shortly after the organization of the New Jersey Branch in 1917 she became the treasurer, serving until the merger in 1927. For four years prior to this event she was chairman of the committee which planned the joint meetings of the Branch and the Home Missionary Union.

Upon the completion of the merger she was elected the first president of the Woman's Association of the Middle Atlantic Conference, serving from October of 1927 until April of 1931. At that time she was elected field secretary of the conference on a part-time basis—a position which she still holds.

Her introduction to the Commission on Missions was nothing if not unobtrusive. After the resignation of Miss Mary Preston in January of 1933 she was asked to come into the office two days a week until the meeting of the General Council which was scheduled for that spring, but which was not held. She was then asked to continue until February 1, 1934, when she was asked to go on until June of 1934, and at the Oberlin Council she was invited to carry forward the work until February 1, 1935. At the last mid-winter meeting she was elected associate secretary of the Commission on Missions on a half-time basis.

During these months of constant reappointments Mrs. Brown was "finding a job" which has steadily grown under her direction. In addition to guiding the work of the women in an organizational way she has sought to enrich the programs of our women's groups, particularly in the field of worship. This she has done through the issuing of a mimeographed sheet known as the "Presidents' Exchange" by which programs and other plans which have worked in one portion of the country are made available for all sections.

Mrs. Brown's household consists of one husband, one daughter and one dog. Her greatest hobby is going to Vermont in the summertime—and she goes all the way to her birthplace in Newport.

Program Pointers for the Pilgrim Fellowship

By Harry T. Stock

Young people's groups looking for a good play dealing with the problem of war will do well to consider *This War,* by Dorothy Elderdice (Board of Christian Education, Methodist Protestant Church, 3267 W. Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., twenty-five cents). It is set in the midst of a young people's society meeting; the conscientious objector of 1918 lives again in his younger brother. As few as ten young people are needed. The dramatization lasts about half an hour.

* * *

There have been a number of requests for candle-lighting services. The young people of First Church, West Hartford, Conn., prepared such a service after they had studied the interdenominational program, *Christian Youth Building a New World.* Mimeographed copies may be secured from the Young People's Department, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.,—five cents for the first copy, three cents for each additional copy.

* * *

Throughout the country, inter-church conferences of various types are being held which introduce young people to the movement *Christian Youth Building a New World.* These conferences should be a means of setting the delegates to work in their local groups. A pamphlet, *After the Conference,* has been prepared which suggests ways of doing this. Copies may be had from the Young People's Department for five cents each.

* * *

Last year, Dr. E. L. Shaver prepared some helps for young people on the subject, *The Christian Attitude toward Death.* Several mimeographed pages of these suggestions, appropriate for the Easter season, may be secured from the author at 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Please send five cents.

* * *

Beginning the Christian Life, by G. Pitt Beers (American Baptist Publication Society, 15 cents) is a useful outline for the pastor who conducts a training class for young people considering church membership. There is little "content material" in it and there are no "easy answers to hard questions." But key questions are asked in each of the six chapters: What Does It Mean to Be a Christian? How Does One Become a Christian? What Are Churches for? How Are We to Use the Bible? How Are We to Worship God? A Christian Interpretation of Life.

* * *

The Young People's Department (14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.) has a leaflet, *Joining the Church,* which is intended for young people who are considering church membership. The significance of the step is discussed in terms of ten suggestions, in as many paragraphs. (Two cents each, twelve for fifteen cents.)

Book Chat

An Alabama Book

Long, long ago, according to the legend of the black conjurer women on the Tombigbee, a shower of stars fell on Alabama and cast a spell from which it never recovered. It was not altogether a good spell; it was a spell which caused the state to be as different from Massachusetts and Kansas as the Congo is different. Thus writes Carl Carmer in his foreword to *Stars Fell on Alabama.**

The book is a fascinating collection of stories of happenings which occurred or were told to this former University of Alabama professor of literature, who listened and observed during his six years of sojourn in the State. Strange and entrancing, and weird these stories are, and lead one to wonder if such things could happen in America. The author claims they happened substantially as he recorded them.

All-day singings and political rallies, moon-light baptisms and cane-brake rites, lynchings and spirituals, cabins and "saddle-back" houses and mansions, fill the pages with unforgettable reading. And running through it all like the sound of a recurring minor chord of tragic beauty are the stories about the darker race with their superstition and ignorance and credulity, their spirituals and their child-like religion. A haunting picture is the description of the meetin' at the Negro Bethel Hill Church on the morning after innocent

**Stars Fell on Alabama,* Carl Carmer, Farrar & Rinehart, N. Y., $3.00.

Preacher Ben had been shot at his cabin by a roving band of angry white men.

> "The Lord can throw a thunderbolt
> An' burn your cabin down
> An' he'd be right."

The ever-recurring refrain to this and similar verses of the chant was "Ain't he a terrible God!"

Often charming, sometimes violent and cruel, usually provincial, are the people who march through the pages—the distiller in the red-clay hills, the master of Rosemount in the Black Belt, black conjure women, dashing Steve Renfroe, Cajans and Lintheads, a procession incongruous yet lovable.

No one who hopes to understand the Deep South should miss this book. It is close to the people, and the soil. It reveals the mind-set, and the prejudices, the customs and the patterns of action of this part of the country. In it one can trace some of the economic-sociological reasons for lynchings and high murder rates. One catches an authentic glimpse of how the Alabama Southerner thinks and feels and acts on the race question. One gets the "feel" of the Southern kinds of religion.

The author has done his reporting in prose with his pen dipped in poetry. But his reporting has that characteristic so common to reporting, especially newspaper reporting, of selecting the unusual, the sensational, the outstanding. He is one-sided, as Katherine Mayo was one-sided in *Mother India*. There is certainly another side, a brighter and more hopeful side. But he does give one side, and it is indispensable in understanding the Deep South.

PRES. ROSS ENSMINGER,
Wadley, Ala.

Stories

Jesse R. Wilson, general secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, has compiled and edited many of the best articles written on foreign missions during the decade 1924–1934 and published in the Bulletin of the S.V.M. which later became known as *Far Horizons*. His book is called *Men and Women of Far Horizons* (Friendship Press, New York, paper $.60; cloth $1.00). In Mr. Wilson's own words, "The work was undertaken because of a conviction of need for a missionary book which is neither a formal exposition of missions nor a reasoned argument, but which reveals in the lives of missionaries and through unlabored sketches of their work the deep inner spirit and procedures of the missionary movement."

The book should be especially helpful to preachers and to other speakers on missions. It abounds in stories that could be easily read or recited in meetings. Not a few of them could be worked up most effectively as dialogues, while two or three would actually make the bases of missionary drama.

The contents are divided up into seven main divisions: 1. Beside Beds of Pain; 2. In Class Room and Laboratory; 3. Life in Rural Communities; 4. Pioneering Is Not Over; 5. Women and Children; 6. Stories That Must Be Retold; 7. For the Joy of the Task. Several of the articles reprinted were originally written by missionaries of the American Board, including Drs. William Nute, Cyril Haas, Walter Judd; Rev. Frank Laubach, Rev. Ray Phillips, Rev. Henry C. McDowell, and Mrs. Priscilla Holton Neff. Others to be named are Dr. Paul Harrison of Arabia, Miss Mabel Shaw of Africa, Mr. James Yen of China, Rev. Stanley High, Miss Jean Mackenzie, and the late J. E. Kwegir Aggrey.

Japan

As Japan Would Look on Our Atlantic Seaboard

This map appears in George P. Pierson's most interesting book, *Let us Go Into the Next Towns* (Revell, N. Y. $1.00).

The author was a Presbyterian missionary in Japan for forty years. He gives an account of the spiritual and moral life of the Japanese country people, makes us respect their character and understand their needs. There are many illustrations.

Four Books from India

By Alden Hyde Clark

There lie on my desk four books in English written in 1934 by four of our India missionaries. These books are not only valuable in themselves but also interesting for the light they throw on the varied possibilities of service of the missionary in India.

* * *

The Prophets of Israel and Their Message[1] by William Hazen is the result of lectures given to theological students. It is not only a scholarly presentation in brief compass of the results of modern study into the position of the prophets, but is also an interpretation, written from the point of view of the special message of the Hebrew prophets to the present-day life of India. Here and there Mr. Hazen gives sympathetic comments upon those historic leaders of Indian religious life who stood closest to the old Testament prophets. Especially illuminating is his comparison with the message of the so-called Bhakti Saints of India "who because of their fresh approach often faced persecution as the prophets of Israel had done." To the American reader his comparison of the pacificism of Isaiah with that of Mahatma Gandhi will be of particular interest. All who are familiar with Indian religion will agree with Mr. Hazen that the fearlessness and the unflinching moral and social appeal of the Hebrew prophets have a message of vital importance for India. It is this message which Mr. Hazen presents in his little book with persuasiveness and power. His description of the spirit of the great prophets will convey something of the flavor of the book:

"But by gradual degrees the use of external methods passed away, and the divine message came through the intelligence and heart of the Prophet. Meditating long and closely on the condition of his people in relation to God, upon his judgments for their sins, upon other nations and world-powers as ministers of those judgments, he felt in his mind and conscience a rush of conviction, a flood of illumination, an overpowering impulse to speak forth the message which he was sure had not originated in himself, but was in very truth 'the word of the Lord.'"

* * *

Like Mr. Hazen's book Dr. Saunders' *The Development of Religious Thought in India*[2] is in substance a course of lectures which he has given to his students, in his case to the senior class in Madura College. It is interesting that the head of the Economics Department of the College should give such a course of lectures on religion and especially interesting that they should be lectures on the development of Indian religion. Professor Saunders says in his foreword that the appreciative reception given these lectures by his students, both Christian and non-Christian, has led him to the publication and that his aim is to help establish "creative relationship between Christianity and Hinduism with a view to greater mutual recognition and a greater measure of coöperation." The nine lectures that make up the book give in very brief form but with clarity and sympathy a survey of the main developments of Indian religious thinking, beginning with the Aryans and ending with modern religious movements in India and a comparison of Hinduism and Christianity. The book shows a careful study of his subject. It is perhaps too largely dependent upon Western authorities on Hinduism. Its interest and value are greatly increased by well selected quotations from translations of the original sources.

* * *

Stories of Indian Saints[3] by the late Dr. Justin E. Abbott and the late Pundit N. R. Godbole is the tenth book in a series of translations from the Bhakti Saints of Western India undertaken by the late Dr. Abbott and now being published under the editorship of Rev. James F. Edwards.

Anyone even slightly familiar with the archaic Marathi of these eighteenth century stories will realize what a difficult task of scholarship was performed not only by the authors but also by the editor who has put this book through the press. Mr. Edwards writes a foreword showing a familiarity with the work of the modern Indian scholars in this field as well as a deep appreciation of the spirit and significance of the Bhakti Saints. Delightful is his tribute to the life and work of Mr. Godbole who died while this book was in course of preparation. The harmonious coöperation of the Brahmin

[1] *The Prophets of Israel and Their Message*, by Rev. William Hazen, published by Christian Literature Society for India, 1934.

[2] *The Development of Religious Thought in India*, by Albert James Saunders, M.A., Ph.D., published by Christian Literature Society for India, 1934.

[3] *Stories of Indian Saints*, by the late Dr. Justin E. Abbott and the late Pundit N. R. Godbole, edited and published by Rev. James F. Edwards, Office of the Poet Saints of Maharashtra, United Theological College of Western India, Poona, 1934.

pundit and the Christian missionary in this work is significant. Mr. Edwards cites these Maratha Saints as evidence "that the Divine Spirit Himself is at work in man's age-long quest after God." Mr. Edwards believes that they have a vital message for the India of today, distracted as it is by the appeals of secularism and agnosticism. He also feels that they have a message for our western world and agrees with Professor Otto in seeing in them "an actual preparation for the coming of the day when all the world will be united in one faith and one communion which will be the Kingdom of God." It is of real significance that a missionary of Mr. Edwards' deep Christian experience and conviction should spend much time and labor on a book whose single aim is to make available to the English reader some of the best of the treasures of India's religious past.

* * *

Bombay Looks Ahead,[4] edited by Clifford Manshardt, is in an entirely different field from the first three books. It is a course of lectures delivered at the Nagpada Neighborhood House with the purpose of stimulating the civic consciousness and furthering the public-spirited efforts of the citizens of Bombay. "It is a matter of some urgency at this period in the history of Bombay that an effort should be made to mobilise all the best brains among her citizens to consider what can be done by taking thought to see that her future development is on the right lines," says the Right Honorable Lord Brabourne, Governor of Bombay, in his introduction to this book.

Four years ago a similar course of lectures was given resulting in a similar book. As 1934 saw a comparative lull in political thought and activity, the time seemed ripe for further efforts along this constructive line. Each of the eight lectures which make up the chapters of the book was given by an expert in his subject. They deal with such problems as the social function of municipal government, the development of the educational system, Bombay's treatment of her children, and the problem of industrial unemployment. We have no doubt that this book will do much to develop civic consciousness and public-spirited service in the great modern metropolis of Bombay.

———

Every one of these four books makes a real contribution. Each is written in a spirit of sympathetic understanding of India—of her past and of her future. We believe that they will be gratefully welcomed in India and regarded as worthy expressions of the spirit of appreciation and friendly helpfulness, and that they will stimulate better interracial relations, greater social responsibility and deeper religious life.

[4] *Bombay Looks Ahead*, edited by Clifford Manshardt, D.D., Ph.D., published by D. B. Taraporevala Sons & Co., Hornby Road, Fort, Bombay, 1934.

Recent Publications

American Missionary Association

Ballard Normal School. An illustrated leaflet. 12 pages.

Who's Who. A directory of workers, 1934–1935. 32 pages.

American Missionary Association and Church Extension Boards Jointly

Mountain Trails. Illustrated leaflet on work in Cumberland Mountains. 24 pages.

Church Extension Boards

Are Home Missions Out of Date? Excerpts from recent reports of the mission field. 4 pages.

Commission on Evangelism

The Wonderful Way. Fourth series of devotional services prepared by a Committee of Northern California. 96 pages. 15 cents.

Commission on Missions

The Home Boards Keep Step with America. An enclosure leaflet. 4 pages.

Education Society

A Reading List for 1935. 4 pages.

Practical Helps for Leaders in Religious Education.

Laymen's Advisory Committee

Men's Work. Discussion and comment on laymen's work. 4 pages.

Heraldings

An Angel (?) Unawares

From Tombstone, Ariz., our pastor, M. W. Baker, writes: "There appeared recently at the parsonage a New York–Detroit man of middle life, a university man, an author, but destitute through reverses, who wanted 'To talk with some man who had not lost his grip on God.' I asked if he had eaten supper. He said, 'No I haven't had breakfast yet but that does not matter. I can go a long time without eating, though I've walked 20 miles today!' The parsonage happened to have the makin's of a meal and he *did* eat!

"He stayed the night and we talked of the essentials of faith when all material things have proved futile. He was the son of a Methodist preacher, and did not want to lose the remaining glimpse of the gleam that he had known. He went next day on his way toward a promised job in Detroit, assured that walking would be necessary for not more than 25 miles of the 2,000. A man of superior culture such as is not often seen here; with a grasp of world movements and social issues rare among clergymen anywhere—but wanting some help to hold to a faith in a divinity that shapes our plans.

"The missionary counts that night's work one of his best. He felt like Edward A. Steiner who reports the success of giving the communion to a delirious drunkard in a cup of coffee after a Sunday's failure in the morning at the altar and in the popular evening crowded church in both of which he was acclaimed."

Where Depressions Are Indigenous

Apparently the only novel feature in the current economic situation so far as the region about Pleasant Hill Academy is concerned is government relief! W. Adelbert Redfield, instructor in English writes:

"When the depression was suggested as a subject for debate a student asked, 'What do you mean by depression?' I found that he and several others had spent all their lives in a situation similar to the depression, and they thought that present conditions were normal and to be expected always. It is evident that large areas in the Southern mountains have been under continuous depression conditions for years.

"Pleasant Hill Academy is able to prevent some of these fine young mountain people from being penalized by a situation for which neither they nor their parents are to blame, and to offer an opportunity which is most sorely needed. Our school asks its students to bring a small capital of money and an unlimited capital of ambition and courage, provides a wholesome home for them, gives them work which enables them to earn their own way, and makes the whole labor program an educational unit with the scholastic program. It supplements the work of the mountain cabin homes, gives them contact with the world of culture, supplies them with fine friendships, furnishes examples of right thinking and right living by its faculty, acquaints them with a better means of earning a livelihood, and at the same time teaches them that life is vastly more than mere living."

Energy Unlimited

To those who think that the youth of the day have deserted the Church we commend the following excerpts from the annual report of the young people of the Plattsburg, Ohio, church:

"We have had three weddings, two bellings, an Indian party, one reception, a scavenger party, a treasure hunt and several weiner roasts, melon slashes and taffy pulls. We have six young people in college. Seven of our young people attended the Defiance Summer School, towards which we raised $30. We conducted a 'world tour' with five homes fixed up after the fashion of different countries and serving appropriate refreshments, ending up with a party at Hollandia Gardens. We made $20.50 and it was especially nice.

"On Easter we had sunrise services on Agles Hill. We held a Christmas candlelight service in which thirty-one young people participated. We also sang carols and delivered sixteen baskets of fruit. We wish to thank our fathers and mothers and all the others who opened their homes for us. We also wish to thank all the district and state young peoples' organizations for their letters and literature and all the other help that they gave us."

Should We Compete— Or Quit?

Eliminating competition between churches is simple in theory, but exceedingy difficult in practice. In the city of Rock Springs, Wyo., we have an attractive church building and an active congregation. Because of the building debt and the local economic situation a small amount of home missionary aid is given to the church. The pastor, O. P. Avery, writes:

"Competition is increasing in Rock Springs as new bodies keep crowding in. Recently a Nazarene church was organized, which, however, has not directly af-

fected our constituency. Should we retire when a "holy roller" sect comes in? Although many Lutheran young people attend our Sunday school their minister comes to town monthly to hold a meeting of the Ladies' Aid, a week-night preaching service and to "confirm" the youngsters in Lutheranism. We do the work, while they reap the harvest, incidentally drawing upon finances as much as they are able.

"Each fall the Salvation Army makes a community canvass and "Keeps the Pot Boiling" at Christmas and then disappears for the balance of the year. It would be a great blessing if the Home Missions Council could halt this "sniping" on the part of irresponsible bodies who maintain "denominational competition" at the expense of the bodies which are actually maintaining a permanent religious ministry."

Learning Sportsmanship Through Defeat

Winning the game is still the end of sport among the Negro schools of Georgia, according to Birtill T. Barrow, instructor in the Ballard Normal School of Macon. He writes: "Athletics with us are still in an early stage of development, with the 'win at any cost' spirit much in evidence. Many schools limit their participation in sports to the seasons in which they think they have a team which can bring home the victories.

"In 1933 Ballard had one of the best football teams in its history, which won six out of seven games. Then all but four players graduated, with the result that the 1934 squad was light and inexperienced. Many thought that football would be abandoned for the year; instead we announced a full schedule.

"In the first game we met a heavier and more experienced team and took a 24–6 beating. There were many 'I told you so's.' In the next game the boys eked out a 13–7 win away from home. Again in the third game away from home we lost 24–0. People could not see why the boys desired to keep on playing. The next game at home brought the state champions to our city. They defeated us by 24–4 score, but the courage of the little Ballard boys won the whole city to their cause and with this encouragement the boys won the last two games before very good crowds.

"It is evident that if more schools will play out schedules even though losing, the spirit of the public will change and a higher level of sportsmanship will be developed."

When Chinese Children Change Hands

"A well-dressed prosperous-looking woman led in a small girl of eight or nine, dressed in clean but uninteresting clothes: black-and-white print trousers, a blurred black cotton coat, no shoes or stockings. 'What illness does the child have?' 'No, no, just want the doctor to listen.' 'But what symptoms does she have, does she cough?'

"And again the same answer, the same old story—the lady is thinking of taking the child to be her daughter and wants to know if her health is good, which is gloss for saying that she is buying the child for a slave girl and wishes to know if she is a good investment.

Sometimes the nurse, rather idly, asks how much she is paying for her and the answer states from seventy to two hundred dollars according to the age—the younger the cheaper.

Sometimes the father is in the offing and inquiry as to the reason for this heartless traffic in children, in persons, brings the typical answer. There are eight or ten mouths in his family to feed and there is not enough rice to go around. And there is the hopeless debt incurred twenty years ago, when a respectable funeral had to be provided for his father. The interest, at the rate of 2 per cent per month, devours all he can possibly earn on his rented fields in summer and by pulling a ricksha in winter." *From the Foochow Messenger.*

This, That and the Other

Quadricentennial of the Bible

The year 1935 marks four centuries of use of the printed English Bible, for it was in 1535 that Miles Coverdale's translation was published, the first printed English Bible. The American Bible Society proposes, therefore, to celebrate four hundred years of the English Bible's availability in a worthy way. Official church gatherings, such as General Assemblies, Conventions, Synods, and Annual Conferences are being asked to set aside a certain period of time in their dockets in recognition of this anniversary. At intervals during the spring and early summer the Society will issue pamphlets and articles, by competent authors, on various subjects related to the anniversary.

In the early fall it is expected that a public gathering will be held in Washington, D. C., which because of its character will have nation-wide interest. Other gatherings will be held in state capitals, in urban

areas, and in smaller cities, as well as in churches and Sunday Schools, for the purpose of recognizing four centuries of use of the English Bible. The celebration will terminate on December 8, when the churches of America, individually and in their customary manner, will observe Universal Bible Sunday with this anniversary as the recommended theme.

In order that this commemoration may have a definite object the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society has voted that its aim shall be to make a Bible available to every home. Said Board has also voted to attach no special financial campaign to this commemoration.

Christianizing the Home Week

They have "weeks" in China, too. But usually they are very practical. In Tehsien, for instance, Monday was called Parent's Day, and mothers learned how to make simple toys for their children. Tuesday the subject was hygiene, and after a meeting and a playlet on the subject of cholera inoculations, mothers and school children visited the hospital, where simple remedies were demonstrated, balanced meals for children, bathing and dressing babies. Wednesday and Thursday, there were playlets and talks on stewardship and religious influence in the home. The subject of the Friday evening union service was helping our neighbors to learn to read, with a demonstration of the methods in Thousand Character classes, and a workman gave an account of the difference knowing how to read and write had made in his life. Saturday afternoon was devoted to the children, with story-telling, singing and stunts. The Sunday union service brought together all groups, and for the second time in history, adds **Miss Lucia Lyons**, families were seated together as families, breaking up the traditional division into male and female.

Thorsby Students

A Thorsby Mother

He looked familiar. Where had we seen him before? But we hadn't seen him before. We had seen his two uncles and three aunts. He was the second generation coming to Thorsby Institute. The spirit and influence of his grandmother was carrying on. She is one of our loyal Congregational women of Alabama whose love for humanity has gone beyond her own family and embraces the world. In spite of the pressure at home of running the farm she and her husband cleared together and worked together before his death, she insisted on giving an education to her children and on giving to missions that other children might live too. Five of her eight children were sent to Thorsby Institute and four of them graduated. Now the grandchildren are coming and the work of training leadership is continuing.

Goddess-Possession

Strange indeed are some of the obstacles a physician in India has to overcome! **Dr. M. Pauline Jeffery** of Vellore was called by two relatives of a woman who had been tossing for four days between delirium and coma, yet she found the immediate family unwilling she should give any medicine. There was less opposition when she suggested an intravenous injection of quinine. Within an hour the patient was commencing to talk rationally, and the doctor left medicines for the week that would elapse before her ambulance would come near the village again.

On Dr. Jeffery's second visit she found the medicine had been poured out on the ground; the majority of the neighbors, the husband of the patient, and the patient herself were violent in their refusal of further treatment. Why?

Ten years previously the patient had become possessed of the goddess Ankalamma and had herself become an object of worship because of her power to divine things. The attacks of malignant malarial coma Dr. Jeffery would have cured completely if given a chance were regarded as manifestations of the deity within the woman, and a cure would have been a tragedy. Two months later the patient died!

What Ten Dollars Did

Last year the Lasell Missionary Society of Auburndale, Mass. sent $10 to Mrs. Otis Cary, and she and her son, Rev. Frank Cary of Otaru, Japan, decided to divide the 36 Yen it came to, plus the 4 Mr. Cary added, among the Christian Endeavor societies of eight churches. One poor country church decided to use its 5 Yen in holding a meeting for the study of rural problems, inviting the farmers to lodge in the church for two days. Small fees were asked to eke out expenses, the meetings were a success, and the church gained in the esteem of the non-Christian farmers. Another church bought paper-covered hymnals with part and put the rest into a gift to the Hakodate church destroyed by fire. Another church started a children's library with

its 5 Yen, many times that sum came in, 900 books were collected, and a building assigned to the use of the library. A rural church used part to bring in a prominent layman to hold missionary meetings; the rest, invested in Christian magazines, was turned over and over and the resulting sum used in many helpful ways. Another also doubled or trebled its capital and bought teachers' helps for the burned Hakodate church. Sapporo Church made a party for the mothers of the members in the kindergarten room; some of them thus entering the church for the first time.

The Florida Chain

Somebody has said that Florida has three distinct features: "sunshine, tourists and a missionary chain." From January 26 through February 28, 1935, the Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists and Presbyterians, and presumably other denominations, have coöperated in a chain of missionary assemblies including the towns of Orlando, Deland, Palm Beach, Miami, Fort Lauderdale, Fort Myers, Sarasota, St. Petersburg, Clearwater, Bradenton, Lakeland, Winter Haven, Gainesville, Lake City, Jacksonville and Tallahassee.

For these five weeks ambassadors from China, Japan, India, Europe, Latin America, the Islands of the Sea, and our own United States traveled through Florida presenting a united front for the claims of Christ. They spoke daily in local churches, schools, colleges, universities, men's and women's civic clubs, parent-teachers' associations, park forum, and before the radio. Thousands of tourists as well as "natives" attended these assemblies —which were indeed "a venture in faith; a dynamic filled with spiritual power."

The officers of the State Executive Committee are: Chairman, Miss B. Louise Woodford of St. Petersburg; President, Mrs. Francis Morton Fox of West Palm Beach; Vice-President, Mrs. W. J. Harkness of Deland; Secretary, Mrs. A. T. Pierce of Miami; Treasurer, Mrs. P. M. Schumann of St. Petersburg.

Conference on Religious Experience

This conference at Springfield, Mass., brought together 413 interested people to consider the most vital teaching of the Christian religion: that Christ's experience with God can be and is made real in the lives of men. The summary of the three addresses and of the discussion that followed appear in the February issue of *The Seminar Quarterly*. The large body of earnest pastors came at their own expense, that by sharing their understanding of religious experience they might get new wisdom. Spirit and attention were perfect.

A Day in Dondi

Here's a much abridged account of one day, Saturday, as spent by Miss Lauretta Dibble, Principal of Means School for Girls in Dondi, West Africa. Breakfast at 6.15; family prayers; directions to students cleaning house; conference with the General Overseer; monthly payroll made out with much thought as to how to cut expenses; two couples married (Miss Dibble is an ordained minister) preceded by a personal talk with the young people; taking wedding pictures; visit to the cattle kraal to see a sick cow; dinner; paying the men and boys and handing out their tax books (she had arranged for the paying of the taxes a day or two before at the Fort, ten miles away); interview with a school girl who had been engaged when twelve years old and wanted to earn money to return the bride price which had been paid so she could finish at Means School (she was only fifteen); drafting and sending of letters to the various relatives concerned on the matter—hers have no money; interview with cook—no vegetables, no fruit or anything of which to make a dessert, and guests coming; concocting a pudding with what *was* on hand; supper; guests; then, in place of accounts—way behind—the writing of a general letter to American friends.

An Interracial Institute

Word has come to us through President Ross Ensminger of the Southern Union College, Wadley, Ala., that fifteen Southern students went from that college to Talladega to attend an Interracial Institute there on February 15 and 16 under the general direction of President Buell Gallagher, and all returned to Wadley apparently enthusiastic over the conference.

There were about one hundred delegates all told, of which one third were of the white race. The University of Alabama Y.M.C.A. sent eleven and Thorsby four. The other delegates were from Tuskegee, LeMoyne, Talladega, Women's College in Montgomery, etc. Two years ago a similar conference, we understand, was held with but one lone white delegate in attendance.

Another important element in the conference was the fact that white and colored students took part in the discussions, taking up matters of religion, and in so doing "nearly forgetting during the conference hours that they were with people of a different race."

A fine fellowship existed throughout the Institute. To many white students it was revelation. A large proportion of them had never before met educated, cultured, refined people of the colored race. They came from the conference with their outlook broadened and their ideas changed.

"This Is the Book to Buy"

A member of the Madura Sangam rode into a distant village where all the people were Hindus, writes **Rev. Raymond Dudley** of Tirumangalam, India. He went, an entire stranger, to the Board school. The Hindu Headmaster welcomed him so cordially that he dared take out some cheap booklets on health and to begin selling them to the boys. Meanwhile the Headmaster looked through the book-box, drew out some gospels, asked the price, and addressed his hundred boys: "This is the book to buy. I studied in a mission school once. I know this book about Jesus. All of you go home and bring a quarter anna (half a cent) and buy this book"; and the Hindu teacher sold to half his boys the story of Jesus.

Family Surnames in Turkey Must Be Chosen

This is one of the latest of the Turkish reforms. Every family must have a family name, strictly Turkish and with a good meaning, and no two families must have the same name. The papers have published lists of suitable names; people have chosen and sent them in to the government to be registered.

Besides this, people must use only Turkish words. A commission has been working for two years, finding Turkish synonyms for all the Arabic and Persian words which have been used largely even in every day speech. They have found these synonyms in old records and in village dialects, and have published a dictionary, giving the sources of these words. The language will be simpler for this change and the grammar more homogeneous.

Strike in China Schools

In a rural community in the Tehsien area Christianized by one man, Mr. Chang, the young people have struck and refused to attend the old-fashioned school of Confucian classics taught by impractical scholars. The boys and girls have escaped to their parents and demanded with threats and tears a modern school and a Christian school. Several parents have been convinced of the children's wisdom and have raised more than $500, their goal $1000, the minimum required for a registered private school. One family has contributed its ancestral temple and grounds, and all insist that Mr. Chang find Christian teachers for them. **Rev. and Mrs. Lewis Gilbert** tell the story.

In Rhodesia

For the first time in some years a member of the East Africa Mission of the American Board is acting on the Executive Committee of the South Rhodesia Missionary Conference, and also on the important Advisory Board on Native Affairs, which consults periodically with Government on Native interests. Mr. Curtis, principal of Mt. Silinda Institute, was the member appointed.

Lions, Leopards, and Locusts

Not only the locusts have visited the East Africa Mission, though their visitation is by far the most grievous. But lions and leopards have also been a menace. Five lions roamed around Mt. Silinda, writes **Miss Minnie Tontz,** and killed a number of cattle, sheep, and goats. A party of hunters succeeded in killing three of them but not until one man was so badly mauled that he died. A leopard crossed Dr. Willis' path on his way to, and again on his way back, from a patient twenty miles distant, and a wee lad was injured by a leopard jumping on him, and was brought to the mission hospital.

President Riggs Cables

A radiogram from Saloniki, Greece, was received by the American Board on March 14: "All well. Work uninterrupted. Riggs."

Films from Japan

Mr. Yokogawa, for twenty-seven years a teacher in Kobe College, and for many years a teacher in the Kobe Woman's Evangelistic School, has sent to the American Board a reel of 16 m.m. movie films of the relief work for children in Osaka, taken two weeks after the great typhoon.

Mountain Tribe Valedictorians

Two of the three high school valedictorians in the Silliman Bible School in Dumaguete, P. I. are from the mountain tribes of Luzon, tribes originally head-hunters. When they finish at Silliman they will go back as the first Christian pastors to their own people, writes **Miss Alice Towne.**

Co-education in Aleppo

The combination of the American Girls High School with the Junior High School of Aleppo College is working out very well, writes **Principal Caroline Silliman.** A club of Armenian women in Watertown, Massachusetts, has offered to send scholarship aid of twenty-five dollars each for a boy and a girl in the schools.

Co-Eds at American College, Madura

There are nine of them among the 366 students in the college and they took several prizes for scholarship last year—which made the young men sit up and take notice, writes **Rev. Edward L. Nolting.**

Northfield Missionary Conference

This year it will be held July 5–13 and the themes for study will be: Pioneering Today in America; Mexico and South America.

The Ceylon Epidemic

Miss Mary Leitch of Claremont, California, has been sending to American philanthropists appeals for funds to fight the malaria epidemic in Ceylon. The money given will undoubtedly save many lives and relieve much suffering. Letters just received from members of the Ceylon Mission of the American Board, which is located in the Jaffna peninsula at the northern extremity of the island, speak of an especially virulent form of malaria prevailing in the southern part of the island, with much consequent poverty and many crop failures. Extra supplies of quinine had to be secured from India and additional doctors to cope with the disease. A cable from Dr. Jameson of the American Board Mission estimates the number of dead up to the middle of February as 20,000, and adds that the Jaffna area was "nearly normal."

Jolted Awake

In Mazatlan, Mexico, the Mexican Congregational pastor was denied the right to act as such, because the quota of clergy allowed to the state was already full. His church had been satisfied with dull round of regular services, according to *The Mexico Microbe*, with hardly any interest in social service activities. This new jolt suddenly awoke the congregation, which is now co-operating enthusiastically with the pastor (acting as a layman) in a program for social action, serving the community more effectively than when their privileges were intact. For church services they have joined with the Baptists, whose pastor has a permit to officiate.

The Thousand Character Magazine

In the May, 1934, issue of the HERALD was an article by Rev. Earle Ballou of Peiping, China, concerning the launching of this new venture in rural journalism. The mimeographed *The Mission Mirror* of January 17 reported that the subscription list of this new publication has grown to the figure of 4,844. It has been named *The Christian Farmer* and is an attractive paper of twenty pages. Probably a series of articles now running in it will be issued in book form, which opens up interesting possibilities for the development of mass education literature.

Gospel Bands in Fukien, China

Evangelist Song's special meetings in Fukien Province led to the formation of 120 gospel bands. These volunteer teams have won large numbers to the kingdom. **Rev. Leonard Christian** tells the story of two members of a team. They were working in a suburb and in each of four instances when they had brought persons to the point of becoming learners, a man with much influence there undid all their work and turned people against them. Praying for guidance, they were led to go in person to this man and explain the Gospel. Taking literature and hymns and all the courage they possessed, they came away radiant, for the man, and his son also, enrolled themselves as learners before the afternoon was over.

Education Caste Leveler

After the first few months even the freshman class in American College, Madura, India, boys coming from decidedly prejudiced homes, forgets its prejudices and becomes to all intents and purposes non-caste. "Education is the great leveler in India," writes **Rev. James M. Hess**, "and given a fair chance will smash caste and caste prejudices as nothing else will. Our student body is about one third Christian, a little less than one third Brahmin, while the other third is made up of non-Brahmin Hindus and Moslems."

Art Through Interracial Courtesy

The color line is more than a phantom which haunts the imagination of the sensitive Negro; in many instances it is a barrier preventing him and his children from enjoying any access to the finer aspects of our civilization. The practice of interracialism is not alone a matter of abstract justice—it is the opening of doors of cultural opportunity. Principal Raymond G. von Tobel of Ballard Normal School, Macon, Ga., writes:

"Recently Wesleyan College, a local Methodist institution for young women, invited our Ballard students, as well as colored citizens in general to view a free exhibit of over fifty very beautiful Italian paintings —mostly religious subjects—loaned to the college by Mr. Samuel Kress of New York. I was pleased that not only our students but their friends and parents availed themselves of this opportunity, and by their praiseworthy conduct indicated their deep appreciation of the courtesy Wesleyan conferred upon them. I doubt if such an invitation would have been extended a few years ago."

In Galangue

Mr. Samuel Coles' absence in Liberia, where he will serve the Booker T. Washington Institute, left no one to carry on the large mission farm and the vast extension work along his lines. Therefore Mr. McDowell reorganized the farm and the schoolboys and girls were given individual plots to cultivate on a self-supporting basis, with Mr. Coles' tools and facilities at their disposal, and a man trained by him in charge of the whole project. The

plan progressed admirably until the plague of locusts ate everything. The boys and girls fought wonderfully to protect their crops, but had no chance of winning out. On half rations, they showed a fine spirit, and have been staging a fine comeback.

There have been compensations: the church has progressed wonderfully; the schools are larger; the medical work has about doubled; the outstations have increased in number and have grown stronger. The phases of the work for which the people are directly responsible have not felt the depression, either in finances or in spirit.

Sekulu Malenga's Last Words

He was a chieftain and the father of the Galangue pastor and his picture appears in the frontispiece of the September, 1934, HERALD. His part in the development of the whole Galangue project can not be overestimated, teacher and adviser of the missionaries in things relating to the country, language, and tribal customs as he was. He died not long ago at the age of ninety-seven, and at the end said to Mr. McDowell:—

"I am an old man. I have held my children's children's children. I am now tired. I am not sick, nothing hurts me. In this life I have been robbed of nothing and in my old age I have been blessed with new friends and acquaintances, principally the Lord Jesus, the child of the Great Chief. I go to Him and to my fathers with ill-will toward no man. My going is no mystery, and even those of my children who are not Christians will know that there is no need for divination about my passing. Rid of this tired body and face to face with my Saviour and in the presence of the great Elders of the people, from Sekulu, Moses, and Joshua on down to the present time, I hope to be able to think more clearly and help to a larger degree my friends and children. I have been a charge upon you recently; it has been a sort of eddy in the continuous life stream. You have all been very kind, especially my child and friend, the Teacher from the far-off country, who brought us the Good News. Now I must go."

Sekulu Malenga's Story

This is told by Rev. Henry McDowell in the book, *Men and Women of Far Horizons*, compiled and edited by Jesse R. Wilson, and just off the Friendship Press.

From this story we take a few leading facts. Sekulu Malenga was once one of the counselors to the paramount chief of the Va-Galangue, prime minister to the chief of a large district, and later village headman.

A great trader and traveler, he was once a wealthy man, and respected throughout Galangue for his thrift, justice and sobriety. His religious nature and background helped naturalize Christian truth for his people, and gave direction to the emerging Umbundu church. He stood by and gave a father's blessing while his eldest son was set apart as the first native pastor of his people.

Once he said: "All my life I have tried to point the way to better things for my children. They are witnesses that I have set them a good example. When they have erred it has been against my teachings, and at the court I have never shielded them in wrongdoing."

When, about seven years ago, he became a Christian, he held a large audience spellbound with the story of his quest for life, ending thus:

"I have blundered through life these many years. I have followed a great many caravan leaders on long trips and through hostile territory, carrying great wealth to exchange with the tribes of the interior or the traders at the coast, where without confidence in the leader and obedience to his instructions the trip would never have been successful.

"Today I join the caravan of a greater Leader, and I trust him to lead me to a just settlement of all these issues. The little that I have already heard and understood of his way of life gives me enough to make a start, and no caravan leader explains the whole trip at its beginning. For these many years I sought after something, I knew not what. Now I have found it."

We use here again the picture of Malenga that appeared in the September (1934) HERALD.

Sekulu Malenga is the One at the Right

Memorial Service for Dr. Haskell

"We, the Bulgarians of Chicago, deeply feel the passing of our most beloved friend, Dr. Edward Bell Haskell, for his forty-two years of service in Macedonia and Bulgaria is woven into the lives of the first generation of the Bulgarian immigrants in this land," writes Anna J. Vidoloff, secretary of the Bulgarian Christian Mission in Chicago. "This was expressed very richly at the memorial service held on February 24 at the Bulgarian Christian Mission, where Bulgarian friends from all parts of our large city came together to honor the memory of the man who knew and understood them best.

The service began with the Doxology. A prayer of thanks was offered by the minister of the Bulgarians of Chicago, and the life-size charcoal drawing of Dr. Haskell, drawn by Robert Vidoloff, a young Bulgarian artist, and draped with an old Bulgarian flag, was unveiled. The audience rose and stood silent a few moments in reverence. The minister read John 14, Dr. Haskell's favorite passage. The Lord's Prayer was sung in Bulgarian by the choir directed by one of Dr. Haskell's former students in Samokov, Boris Kremenlieff. Three short talks followed: Mr. Kroum Stoyanoff spoke of Dr. Haskell as a Missionary; another former student, Vladimir Svetanoff, spoke of Dr. Haskell as a Teacher; a life-long friend of the family, Mrs. Olga Shoukanoff, spoke of Dr. Haskell as a Friend and Educator.

"The audience sang with deep emotion one of the favorite Bulgarian hymns of Dr. Haskell, then, what the Bulgarians owe to him was dwelt on for an hour by the minister. Episodes that illustrated Dr. Haskell's wisdom and deep love for the Bulgarian race were related; his work in the Folk School of Pordim was vividly pictured, and letters read from students in that school; and the most touching farewell letters of Dr. Haskell to the villagers of Pordim were read at the close. The choir sang again and the portrait was presented to the Haskell family, Eldora Haskell, the youngest daughter, replying.

"The service was very beautiful, a humble tribute to one who lived to serve. As I quietly listened and observed, inspiration from the life that has passed beyond gave me courage to carry on. We *all* are inspired to carry on by that life so close to the hearts of all Bulgarians, that had been a blessing to so many. We wondered at its secret as it was unfolded before us, and looked at the portrait through our tears. We all had known him: he was a gallant friend to the Bulgarians from the beginning to the end."

Personals

Mrs. Mary D. White, since October 1, 1932, has held the position of joint associate secretary of the American Missionary Association and the Church Extension Boards. In this capacity she has carried on most of the activities formerly taken care of by Mrs. Wilcox, Mrs. Pearsall and Miss Woodberry. On April 1 her status is changed to that of associate secretary of the Home Boards. This means that the Education Society and the Board of Ministerial Relief are added to the interests which she already represents. Following the mid-winter meeting in Evanston, Mrs. White left for the Pacific Coast on a trip which will last until June.

Edwin C. Gillette, superintendent of Florida, was asked upon the retirement of Knighton Bloom on April 1, 1934, to take over his duties relative to the supervision of the work of the Church Extension Boards in the Southeast for one year. At the mid-winter meeting in Evanston he was elected superintendent of the Southeast on a permanent basis. He will continue to carry the immediate responsibility for Florida as in the past but will be assisted by Milo J. Sweet as pastor-at-large in Georgia and the Carolinas and by F. P. Ensminger as assistant superintendent of West Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, and Kentucky.

An Octogenarian Holds His Own with Youth

The best fancy skater for his age (81), in America, is undoubtedly the Rev. Dr. William W. Leete of New Haven, Conn. Retired though he is from active field and editorial service under the Church Extension Boards, Dr. Leete knows no retirement from the athletic exercises that have been so great a factor in his successful pastoral and secretarial life. Dr. Leete's partner is Miss Maribel Y. Vinson, of Winchester, Mass., Women's National Skating Champion, and daughter of old friends of Dr. Leete.

Mary Alice Towne walked into 14 Beacon the last week in February, home on furlough from Dumaguete, on Negros Island in the Philippines, her first furlough since she went out in 1929. For two years she was director of the Women's Bible School and School of Religious

MISS TOWNE

Education in Cagayan, Island of Mindanao, then went to Dumaguete to teach in Silliman Bible School; later, besides her teaching, she prepared and became director of the dormitory for women students.

Anne Belle Brookings of Inanda Seminary, South Africa, also came into the Board office the latter part of February. She too went out in 1929 after teaching four years in Spelman College, Atlanta, Georgia. She is a Maine girl and a graduate of Bates College. Besides her teaching in Inanda Seminary she has been specially interested in the "Wayfarers" work, corresponding to Girl Scouts in this country.

Dr. Matthew J. W. White arrived March 11 from the Philippines, where he has been head of the mission hospital at Cagayan, first, and latterly of the hospital at Davao. He was a graduate of Elon College —which Mrs. White also attended —studied medicine at the University of Virginia, and was for three years on the Medical Corps of the U. S. Navy.

Frances Benton Clapp arrived the middle of March from Japan where she has been teaching music in Doshisha University, having studied and taught music in Pacific University and Conservatory, and studied for two years in Germany. After teaching four years at Pomona College, she taught 1918–21 at Doshisha as a term worker, receiving full appointment in 1927.

MISS CLAPP

Miss Gertrude H. Merrill, R.N. and **Miss Minnie A. Tontz, R.N.** of the Willis F. Pierce Memorial Hospital, of Mt. Silinda, Rhodesia swap jobs every six months. One of them has the European patients, teaches the nurses their theoretical work and has charge of the housework. The other has the African patients (80 to 100 admissions a month) and the orphans, has charge of the dispensary and of the practical work of the nurses.

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Isabelle MacCausland came into the American Board office the first week in March. She has been on the faculty of Kobe College in Japan; on a city committee on child delinquency; on the board of the Kobe Y.W.C.A.; on the board of Mrs. Jo's famous rescue home for women; and has been editor of the *Japan Christian Quarterly*.

Dr. Horace Stuart Thomas of the Willis F. Pierce Memorial Hospital, Madura, India, is, with his family, taking his furlough in Australia, which is his home. Graduating from Wesley College, Melbourne, he took his M.D. degree at Melbourne University, his Doctor of Tropical Medicine degree at Calcutta University, and began work as missionary of the American Board in 1929.

Dr. Thomas

Dr. Fred Field Goodsell, executive vice-president of the American Board, is at present in India inspecting the work of the Board in that field. In order to make his dates he had to resort to the aeroplane route. The picture above is one that he sent from Europe after taking off from London on the 6th of February. A cablegram was received from him in Baghdad on February 10 with the significant word "Cheerio." He sails from India for Portuguese Africa on or about the 3rd of April, and after visiting East and West Africa will attend the Centennial exercises of the South Africa Mission in late June or early July.

Miss Ida W. Prime, formerly for twenty-five years a missionary of the American Board in Turkey, has at Saranac Lake, N. Y., recovered from the effects of a bad fall which fractured her skull.

Mr. Edward S. Treat, formerly a teacher at Talas, Turkey is in his second year at Union Theological Seminary. Mrs. Treat, formerly Miss Jennie Paige, R.N., also formerly of Talas, is working in Brooklyn as a visiting nurse.

Consul-General Maxwell K. Moorehead, who arrived at his post in Istanbul, Turkey on February 4, has been American Consul at Johannesburg, South Africa.

Rev. Hugh W. Hubbard of Paotingfu was the choice of the Kiangsi Christian Rural Service Union to carry on in the rural reconstruction work there during the absence of Rev. George W. Shepherd on furlough. He could not have been spared from Paotingfu but for the coöperation of the staff of the Church of Christ in China, which permitted its Secretary of Religious Education, Rev. Samuel Leger, to go to Paotingfu during Mr. Hubbard's absence.

Miss Jessie E. Payne of Paotingfu has had printed a little book prepared for use in classes for catechumens. It is written in the simplest language to meet the daily needs of people.

Prayer Suggestions

Pray for the strengthening of the peace forces in both America and Japan; for the removal by both nations of friction points, such as our own discriminatory immigration laws; for wisdom, patience and international mindedness in both governments; for President-Elect Yuasa of Doshisha, as he steps forward in leadership. (See pages 146, 150, 156.)

Pray for the Christians of Micronesia and of all in the "South Seas": that they may resist the temptations of tropical life through a growing idealism and a sturdiness of character. (See page 166.)

Pray for Santee and its mission to the American Indian; for the success of its appeal for funds; for Mr. Hertz and his colleagues in their effort to save and strengthen the vital work of the school. (See page 154.)

Pray for God's blessing upon our Episcopalian friends who take over the work in Columbia, South Carolina. (See page 160.)

Pray for an unusually real and reviving celebration of Holy Week and Easter in Puerto Rico. (See page 148.)

Pray for the sufferers from locusts, lions, and outlaws in East Africa; for Dr. Lawrence and his medical associates in that field; for that cure of the soul and of society which often in indirect and unpremeditated ways is the result of medical missionary service. (See page 151.)

Pray for Henry McDowell and his West Africa associates in their fundamental purpose to make the Gospel of Jesus Christ live in the hearts and homes of the people among whom they live. (See page 161.)

Pray for Rollins College and for all Christian institutions in these days of social revolution. (See page 159.)

Pray for every sound serious effort through missionary education to create a zealous, sustaining constituency behind the enterprise. (See pages 163, 171.)

In Memoriam

An Easter Prayer

Let me not fear the darkness now,
Since Life and Light break through
Thy tomb;
Teach me that doubts no more oppress,
No more consume.
Show me that Thou art April, Lord,
And Thou the flowers and the grass;
Then, when awake the soft spring winds
I'll hear Thee pass.

Charles Hanson Towne

Alice Lynfield White

The eighty-eight years of the missionary work of the American Missionary Association have been blessed by the devotion of some wonderful characters.

Miss White gave her life to the work for Negroes, beginning at Macon, Ga., in 1884. From there she was transferred to the obscure little town of Quitman in the same state. Here the school was burned down by the white citizens to express their resentment against the opening of a door for the recent slaves; it was not rebuilt and Miss White was transferred to Thomasville, where she was joined by Miss Margaret Beard, who became her lifelong companion, and whose brother was for so long a time pastor of the Park Church in Bridgeport.

Miss White and Miss Beard both felt the need of a school for colored girls where they could be given an industrial education. They had found the Negro people, whose poor little cabins they had visited, in desperate need of trained wives and mothers.

Joining their lives and their faith, these two left the Association and established a school known as the Montgomery Industrial School for Negro Girls at Montgomery, Ala. Here they labored for forty-one years, were able to develop without the help of any great organization an institution with beautiful buildings costing $50,000, and had the thrill of seeing it grow from nine pupils to three hundred and fifty, with a faculty of twelve.

This school continued independent until at last the founders, having become advanced in years, felt they could no longer carry it on and it was then transferred to the American Missionary Association. There are few bits of missionary work that show so evidently the power of prayer and faith. Miss White was often heard to say that whenever she came up against a blank wall and needed help, she took her problem to God, and in some strange way there would come an immediate answer. How many thousands of girls passing through the school were touched by the devoted life of Miss White, no one knows.

Retiring in 1927, she settled in Melrose, Mass., and became a spiritual center of inspiration in the church there. She passed away on February 2; the services were conducted by the present pastor, Rev. Olin B. Tracy, and his predecessor, Rev. Richard H. Bennett.

George L. Cady

Adelaide Fairbank Wright

She was a fourth-generation missionary in the Marathi Mission in India, a daughter of Edward and Mary Fairbank, a fact that had much to do with her wonderful fitness for service in the land of her birth. She was a child of the soil, and could speak, write and read Marathi as if it were her native language.

After graduating from Mount Holyoke in 1915, she spent two years teaching in Sholapur and Ahmednagar, fitting in like a plant in its native heath.

Following this, she had two more crowded years in America, studying in Hartford at Kennedy School of Missions and securing an M.A. in 1919 in the School of Religious Education. Characteristic of her ardent, quenchless spirit she also took a summer course at Teachers College, Columbia University, and traveled for six months for the Student Volunteer Movement—so eager was she to tell the youth of America of the glorious opportunities for work in India.

Hastening back to India, she married Horace Kepler Wright of the Presbyterian Mission in Western India, later transferred to the Union Training School for Boys in Ahmednagar.

Her brief, glowing missionary years were packed with radiant service; bringing up a family of four children; managing a large ménage with an open door for everyone; teaching many hours; writing her own textbook; developing a new work in psychological tests of children in her specially equipped laboratory—a work that attracted wide attention in India; preparing courses in religious education in Marathi for primary graders and correlating them with handwork, a valuable contribution published within the year. This does not begin to tell the story of her busy life. As one of her colleagues says, "There was always a boy on her door-step, and she never failed him." And all this with years of intense suffering—she was called to suffer, but never to be defeated by it. Every ounce of her strength was given radiantly to others with no thought of self. She had an amazing persistence that would not give up. It was the joy of service that triumphed over pain. She "traced the rainbow through the rain."

Lydia S. Capen

Edward Bell Haskell

Edward Bell Haskell was born with a sense of responsibility for others and became the trusted friend of all the humble people in his Balkan home and field of work. That work he often said he would not exchange for the charge of a modern cathedral in a center of culture.

Son of Rev. and Mrs. Henry Charles Haskell, missionaries of the American Board in what was then the European Turkey Mission, he spent his early boyhood on that field, and returned to it in 1891 after graduating from Marietta College and Oberlin Theological Seminary, with his young wife Mary Huntington, née Miller. Up to 1914 he was stationed in Samokov, Monastir, and Salonica.

Those were troubled times in the Balkans (what times have not been!), and during the bombardment in 1903 of the section of Salonica where his house stood, his fourth child was born and his wife Mary died. The delicate old grandmother of the motherless children cared for them in Philipopolis until a young Swiss lady, Elizabeth Frohlich, teaching as an independent missionary a school for Armenian refugees, became mistress of the Haskell home.

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In twenty-one years, Edward Haskell established with his older colleague, Dr. House, over twenty Evangelical churches and primary schools. During the two Balkan wars in 1912 and 1913 he was called upon to minister to thousands of Turkish refugees, but in a year the scene changed, and there was a constant flow into Salonica of Bulgarian refugees from the hinterland, mostly old men, women and children. Only the missionaries of the American Board and a Catholic Sister would assume any responsibility for them.

Just before the World War the Haskells followed the Bulgarian-speaking Macedonians into Bulgaria and Dr. Haskell took over the work of general superintendent of the Evangelical churches and cared for thousands of Armenian refugees from Turkey. After the war the Bulgarian Government asked him to intercede on its behalf in Washington, thereby to preserve peaceful relations between the two countries. He reached Washington just in time to save Bulgaria's seriously jeopardized good name.

Returning to the Balkans Dr. Haskell settled in Samokov and became director of the boys' school. Yet he felt that an educational center for the rural population, 85 per cent of the whole, was even more necessary than the preparation of leadership for the urban centers.

And so, as a result of his indefatigable toil, the Pordim Folk School, gratefully named by the Bulgarians their "Rural People's University," came into being. That creative piece of pioneer work he enjoyed the most of all.

The extreme financial situation obliged him five years later to offer the institution to the Bulgarian Government, which, itself in straits, nevertheless assumed full responsibility for it. New schools of the Pordim type are springing up in that country and in neighboring states.

Dr. Haskell was twice decorated by His Majesty, King Boris, for his service to the people. After forty-two years of labor for his Master, he returned to America last year, to succumb, worn out with his labors, to pneumonia on January 9, 1935.

The Chronicle

Furloughs Authorized

January 23. Dr. and Mrs. Albert W. Dewey, Miss Olive Greene, Rev. and Mrs. Charles T. Riggs, and Rev. and Mrs. Henry H. Riggs of the Near East Mission, beginning in the summer of 1935.

January 23. Miss Lucy B. Lanktree of the Foochow Mission, beginning in the summer of 1935.

January 23. Mrs. Charles A. Stanley and son William of the North China Mission, beginning in the summer of 1935.

January 23. Mrs. Mary E. Hemingway and daughter Winifred of the North China Mission, beginning in the summer of 1935.

February 12. Rev. and Mrs. C. Burnell Olds of the Japan Mission, beginning in the summer of 1935.

February 12. Dr. Maria Korchagina of the Marathi Mission, beginning in February 1935.

* * *

Sailed for the Field

February 23. From New York, Miss Lulu G. Bookwalter, returning to the Ceylon Mission.

* * *

Arrived on Field

February 14. In Greece, Dr. Ruth A. Parmelee, returning to the Near East Mission.

* * *

Arrivals from the Field

January 31. In New York, Miss Anne B. Brookings of Inanda, South Africa.

February 3. In San Francisco, Miss Isabelle MacCausland, of Kobe, Japan.

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February 13. In San Francisco, Miss M. Alice Towne of Dumaguete, Philippine Islands.

February 17. In Los Angeles, Rev. and Mrs. Loy L. Long of Sholapur, India.

March 13. In San Francisco, Miss Frances Clapp, of Kyoto, Japan.

March 15. Due in New York, Dr. and Mrs. Matthew J. W. White of Davao, P. I.

* * *

BIRTHS

January 11. At Foochow, China, a son, Robert Benjamin, to Mr. and Mrs. Guy A. Thelin of the Foochow Mission.

January 19. At Mt. Silinda, a daughter, Geraldine Louise, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Curtis of Mt. Silinda, East Africa.

February 18. At Chicago, Illinois, a son, Roger Gilman, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul G. Dickey, formerly of the Amanzimtoti Institute, Adams, South Africa.

* * *

DEATH

March 6. In Tunghsien, China, Rev. William B. Stelle, member of North China Mission 1898-1934.

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